INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

BRIGHT GEMS

FROM FIFTY AUTHORS.

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS
AND HIS SON.

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
GOSPEL MEETINGS,
MISSIONARY AND YOUNG
PEOPLES SOCIETIES,
PRAYER MEETINGS,
ETC., ETC.

MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK.
PUBLISHERS.

SPECIAL

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MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK,

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE,

WITH

BRIGHT GEMS

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FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, GOSPEL MEETINGS, MISSIONARY AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, PRAYER-MEETINGS, ETC.

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NEW YORK CITY, Times Building. CHICAGO, ILL. Monadnock Block. SPRINGFIELD, Ohio.

PREFACE.

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE embraces about half new and half old selected gems. It contains General Hymns for Young People's Societies, Sunday-schools, Prayer, Gospel and all religious meetings. They are acknowledged to be the choicest ones in the English language, and are such as grow better by use. It includes National Anthems and Special Hymns for such occasions as Harvest Festivals, followed by *Familiar Hymns and Tunes*.

The compilers have studied the wants of every phase of religious life, and think they satisfy all, embracing Heart Songs, Life Songs, Work Songs—in fact, songs appropriate for any and all occasions in Christian worship. It is now offered to the public, with an earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing, and go

"Over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart may be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong."

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INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

No. 1. CORONATION SONG.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords." OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. Edward Perronet.

No. 2. ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH.

Guillaume Franck. 1545.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed, Without our aid He did us make:
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un - to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him, and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

No. 3. REJOICE, AND HAIL THE KING.

R. L. *"Again I say, Rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.* ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Re - joice, and hail the King, . . Your sov-'reign Lord a - dore;
2. From Him no word can fail, . . . All pow'r to Him is giv'n;
3. We now a - wait the day . . . When Christ our Lord shall come,

and hail the King, your Lord a-dore;
no word can fail, to Him is giv'n;
a - wait the day our Lord shall come

Ex - alt His name, and sing His prais - es ev - er - more.
His king-dom will pre - vail, And fill the earth and heav'n.
To drive the clouds a - way, And take His loved ones home.

and sing His prais - es ev - er, ev - er-more.
pre - vail, And fill the earth, the earth and heav'n
a - way, And take His loved ones, loved ones home

CHORUS.

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-

voice, lift up the voice,

joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice; . . . . . Lift up the

re-joice, ye saints, re-joice; Lift up, lift up the

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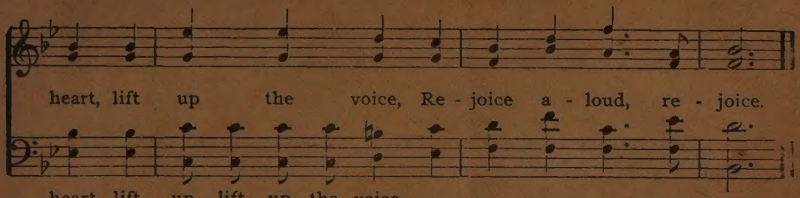
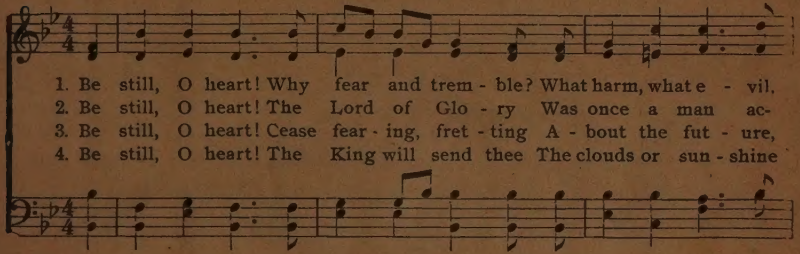
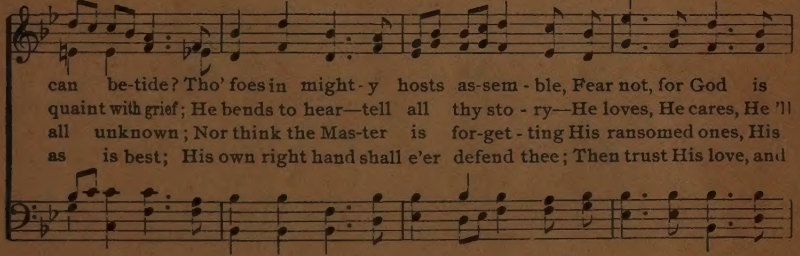
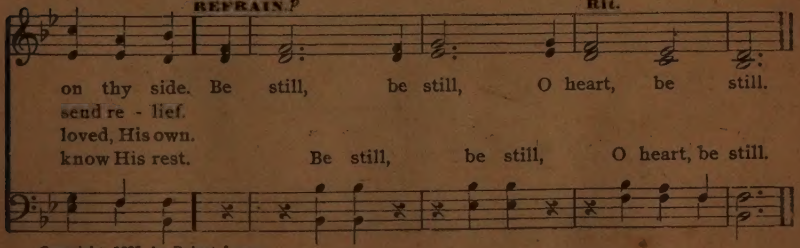


No. 4. BE STILL, O HEART.

JEAN H. WATSON. *"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. 46 : 10.* ROBERT LOWRY.







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No. 5. SINGING OF JESUS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sing-ing of Je-sus all the way a-long, Singing of His mer-cy,
2. Sing-ing of Je-sus, bless-ed Son of God, Singing of the goodness
3. Sing-ing of Je-sus, bless His ho-ly name, He who doth restrain me

sing-ing of His love; How He for me did die up-on the cross
of this might-y King; An-gels in glo-ry help to swell the song,
from the ways of sin; So will I praise Him in the sweet-est song,

CHORUS.

That I might in glo-ry dwell with Him a-bove.
Till all earth and heav-en with His prais-es sing. Sing-ing,
When I reach the heav-en that I hope to win.

Sing-ing, sing-ing,

sing-ing all the way, Sing-ing of His mer-cy, sing-ing of His love;

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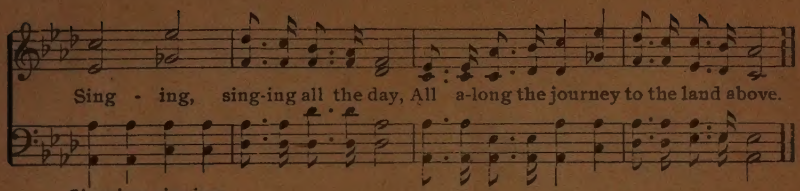
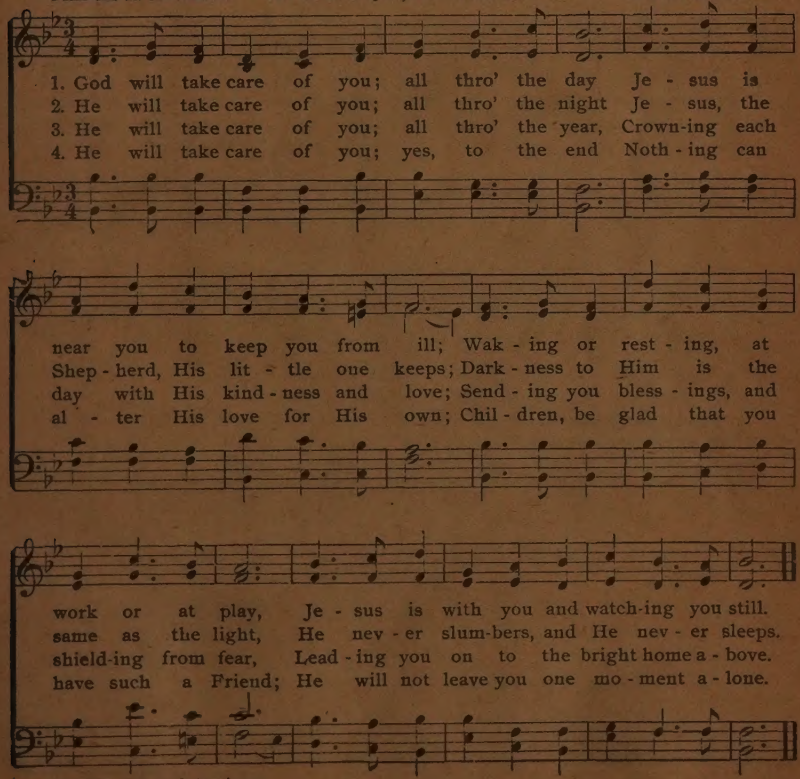


No. 6. GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL "*For he careth for you.*"—1 *Pet.* 5: 7. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 7.

PRAISE THE LORD.

"Sing praises unto his name."—Ps. 135: 3.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, sing to His name; Let ev - 'ry na - tion His glo - ry pro-claim; Gra - cious and kind, lov - ing and true,
2. Oh, praise the Lord, glad - ly a - dore Him, the om - nip - o - tent God, ev - er - more; Kneel at His feet— par - don is there;
3. Oh, praise the Lord, chil - dren of men, Give Him your wor - ship a- gain and a - gain; Morn - ing and night, ear - nest - ly raise

REFRAIN.

Praise ye the Lord, for He car - eth for you. Oh, praise the Lord, . . . Oh, praise the Lord; . . . Gra - cious and kind,
Tell Him your bur - den, your sor - row and care.
Hymns of thanksgiv - ing and an - thems of praise. Oh, praise the Lord,
Oh, praise the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him, Oh, praise the Lord;

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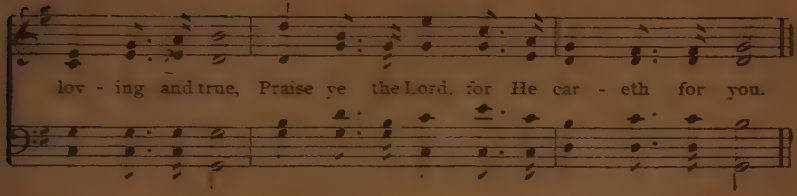
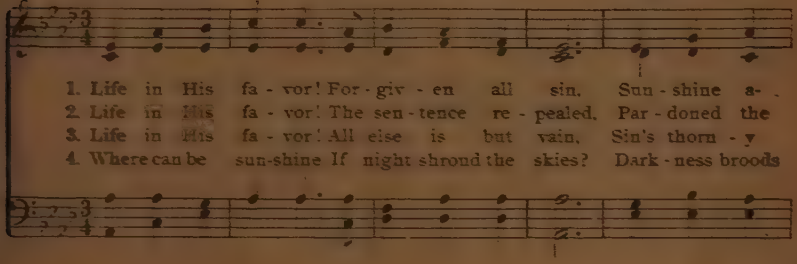
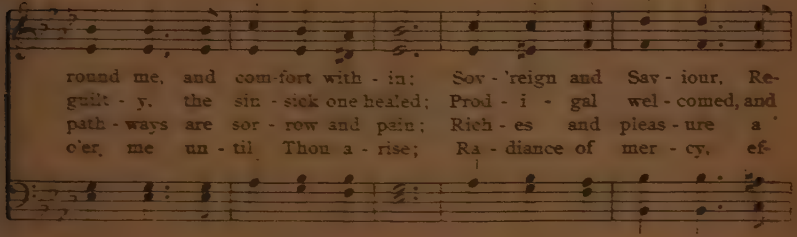


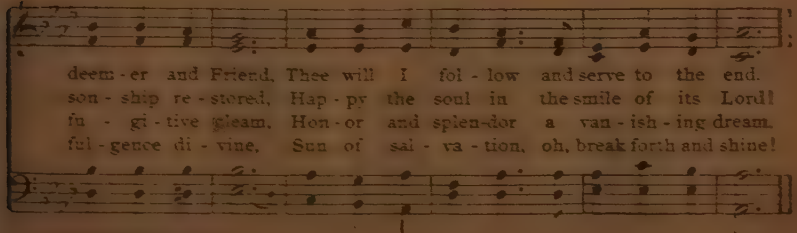
No. 8.

LIFE IN HIS FAVOR.

REV. JAMES YEAMES. "In His favor is life."—Ps. 30: 5. ROBERT LOWRY.







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No. 9. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Mighty to save."

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

Moderato.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapt'rous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heav-en be - low,

And all may be wash'd and for - given, And Je - sus can save e - ven me.
He has bro't me and made me an heir, To king-doms and mansions a - bove.
My soul all His full-ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, And all His sal - va - tion may know, ... On His bos - om I lean, And His blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

is might - y to save, sal - va - tion may know,

No. 10. ONWARD! CHRISTIAN WARRIORS.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D. W. H. Doane.

1. On-ward! O Chris- tian War - riors, Where-'er the trum - pet calls,
2. On-ward! with lov - ing pur - pose, Where crime and sor - row reign,
3. On-ward! the bat - tle thick - ens, The cap - tain's sig - nal see?

On- ward! the lead - er sum - mons, Be - yond the shel- t'ring walls;
On- ward! like men in earn - est, On - ward with heart and brain;
On- ward! to deeds of glo - ry, On - ward to vic - to - ry!

Onward! the work a - waits you, Fear not the cold world's frown,
Onward! to save the err - ing, To break the bonds of sin:
Onward! with God as - sist - ing, Like sol - diers true and brave,

Arm for the glo - rious con - flict, Then wear the vic - tor's crown.
On-ward! the lost to res - cue, Gems for Christ's crown to win.
Till o'er con- quer - ed for - tress, Sal - va - tion's ban - ner waves.

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No. 11. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."

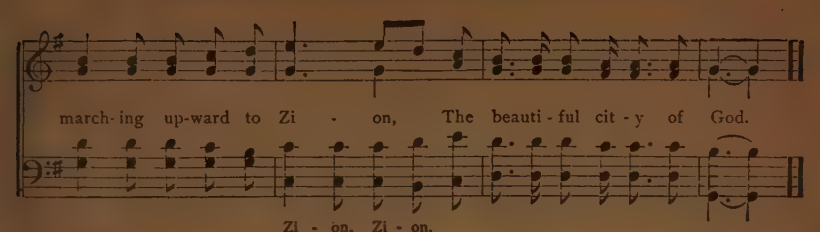
Rev. I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry: We're march-ing thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

Chorus.

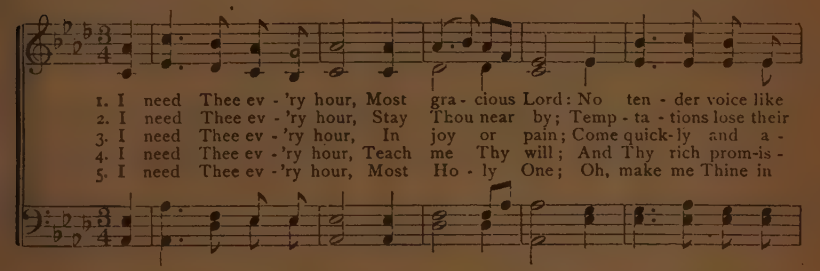
We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on, We're march-ing on to Zi-on,



No. 12. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



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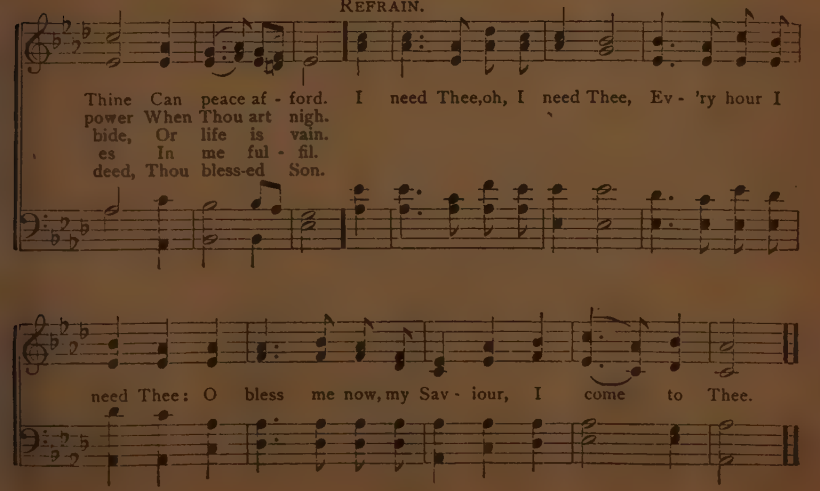

No. 13. ARISE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

A - rise, A - rise,

A - rise, for thy Light is come, A - rise, for thy Light is come,

A - rise, for thy Light is come, A - rise, for thy Light is

is come,

1. Give thanks and re-joice in the name of the Lord
come. (Light is come.) 2. The Light of the world now il - lum - ines the way,
3. Un - fad - ing it shines, bringing peace to the soul,

The darkness of night is past; The day long foretold by the
Re - splendent, di - vine - ly bright; With love it is beam - ing from
Dis - pers-ing all fear and strife; Its rays guid - ing safe - ly the

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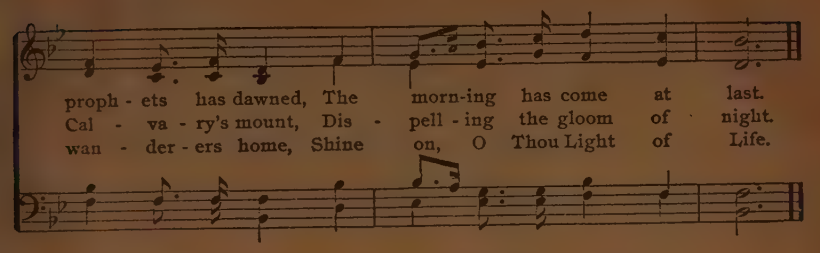
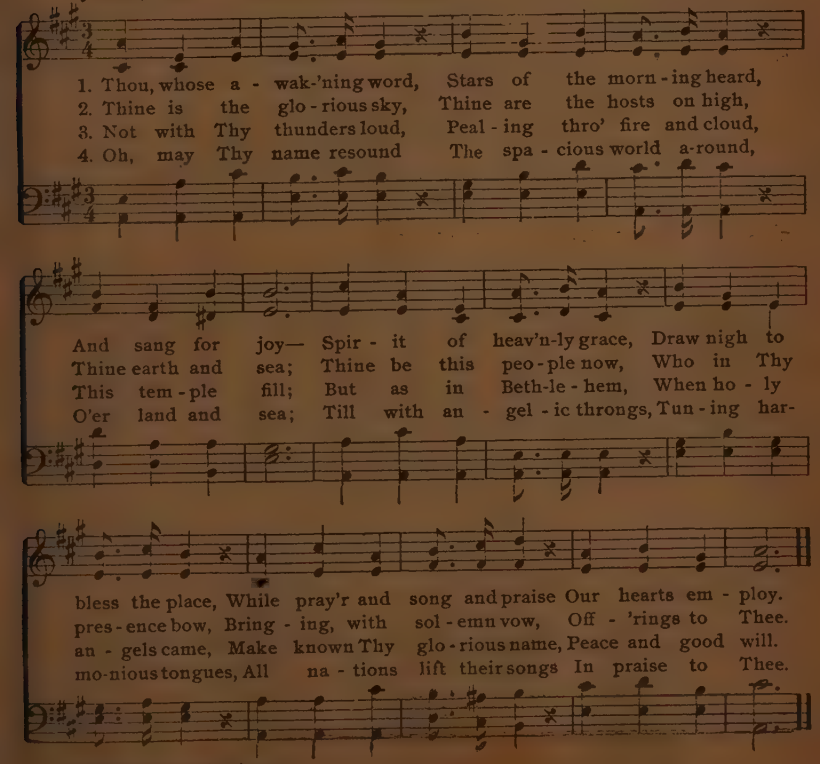


No. 14. THOU, WHOSE AWAKENING WORD.

A. J. SAGE, D. D. *"Let us draw near hither unto God."*—1 Sam. 14: 36. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 15. ON TO THE CONFLICT.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We have tak - en up our stand To e - van - gel - ize the land, And for
2. With the gos - pel arm - or on, In the name of God's own Son, We go
3. We've a craft - y foe to meet, But we'll nev - er show re-treat, In the

Je - sus we will cap-ture all the world; We have raised our standard high, And for
forth to bat - tle with the wi - ly foe; We'll be brave and courage take, And His
bat - tle for the right a-gainst the wrong; We are battling for the Lord, And our

it we'll live and die, For the flag of Je - sus ev - er shall be furled.
cause we'll ne'er forsake, While our conquering legion on to vic - t'ry go.
weapons are his word, Which will give to us at last the vic - tor's song.

FINE.

CHORUS.

On, on to the con - flict, On, on to the con - flict;
On, on, on, to the conflict, On, on, on, to the con - flict,

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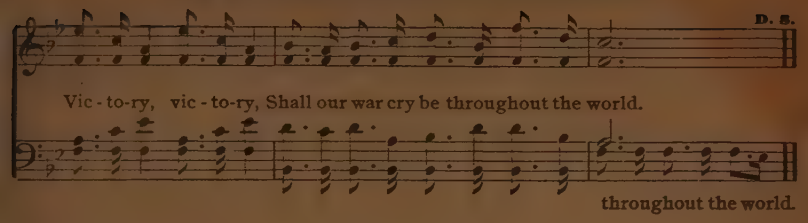
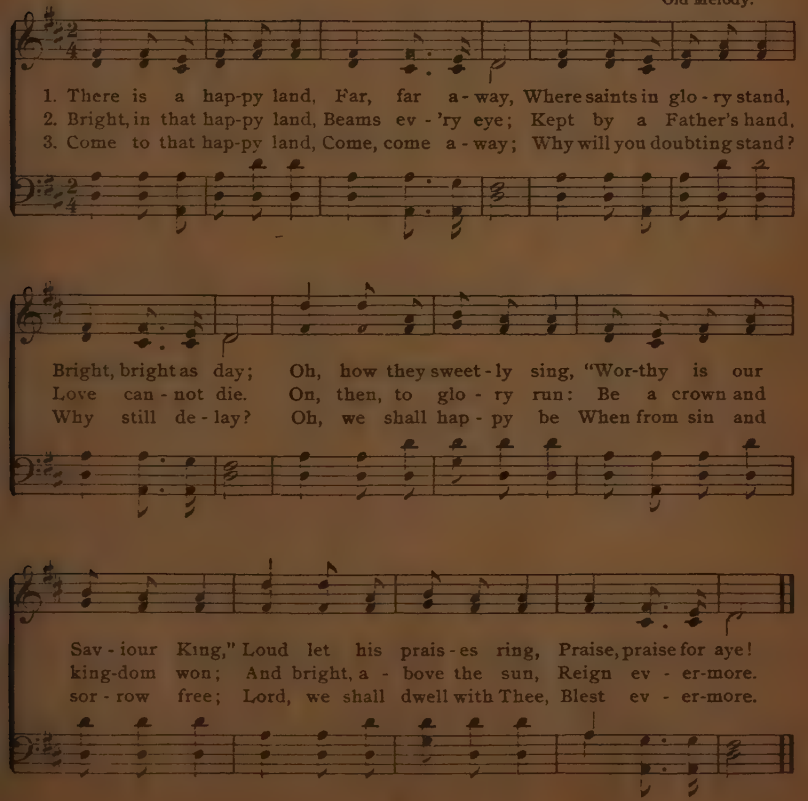
ON TO THE CONFLICT. Concluded.



No. 16. HAPPY LAND.

Old Melody.



No. 17. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its
Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de-

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

Chorus.

1st. Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
2d, 3d. Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
In the book of Thy king - dom, Yes, my name's writ - ten there?

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No. 18. NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can sup - ply my in - most need;
2. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can my longing sat - is - fy;
3. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Doth my wand'ring heart re - call;
4. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Lights the way thro' sor-row's gloom,

What tho' I have gold-en treasures? He a - lone my soul can feed.
From the fount of liv - ing wa-ters, If I drink not, I must die.
Noth-ing but His grace ex - tended Can re - store me when I fall.
Fills the bar-ren waste with singing, Makes the des - ert plac - es bloom.

CHORUS.

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead;
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry;
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all;
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si - lence of the tomb;

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead.
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry.
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all.
On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si-lence of the tomb.

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No. 19.

SPEED THE TIDINGS.

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16: 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Speed the ti - dings o'er the o - cean, Where the storm-y bil - lows roll;
2. Speed the ti - dings, do not lin - ger, Lest the moments wing their flight;
3. Oh, the prom-ised day is com - ing, When the chil-dren from a - far

Bid the trumpet of the Gos - pel Sound a - loud from pole to pole.
Call the na - tions from their i - dols, Out of dark-ness in - to light.
Shall with us pro - claim the glo - ry Of a Bright and Morning Star.

CHORUS.

Speed the ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, To the isles be - yond the sea;

Tell the sto - ry of re - demption Thro' a Sav - iour, full and free.

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No. 20.

THE ROCK OF FAITH.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On the Rock of faith I am build - ing, Building for e - ter - ni - ty,
2. On the Rock of faith I for - ev - er Shall my soul's sal-va - tion rest,
3. On the Rock of faith lies the vic - t'ry, O - ver-com-ing e - vil pow'rs,

On this firm en - dur - ing foun - da - tion, Shall my place of ref - uge be.
Though the storms of doubt gather round me, Yet they nev - er here mo - lest.
Lift-ing up the veil of the dark - ness, Making sweeter life's brief hours.

Rock of faith my ref - uge, ref - uge of my soul,

CHORUS.

Rock of faith my place of ref-uge, On - ly ref - uge of my soul;

On the Rock of faith safe - ly rest - ing, Though the stormy bil-lows roll.

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No. 21. REDEEMING LOVE

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. To Christ, our Lord and faithful Friend, A grate-ful song we raise; His
2. He leaves the hom-age an-gels give, To dwell with men be-low; He
3. And when we reach our home a-bove, And tell our triumphs o'er, We'll

CHORUS.

love is true till time shall end, And His shall be the praise.
gave His life that we might live, Be-cause He loved us so. Sing the
sing of His Re-deeming Love, And praise Him ev-er-more.

song, . . . the song of Love, Redeeming Love, Redeeming Love;

song, sing the song, the song of Love, the song of Love,

Sing the song, . . . the joy-ful song, That fills the courts above.

Sing the song, sing the song, the joyful song, the joyful song.

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No. 22. JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME.

WM. H. CLARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I'm help-less, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me when I cry,
2. I know Thou wilt my sins for-give, For Thou hast bid me turn and live,
3. My Sav - iour now is lift - ed up, I look to Him, my on - ly hope,
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice,

While now I urge one on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
With long - ing heart I come to Thee: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
I trust Thy word and press the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
My soul doth triumph in the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me, Died to re-deem me and set me free.

This is my hope, my on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 23. WHO IS READY?

W. H. D. W. H. DOANE.

1. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, To ac-knowledge Christ the Lord,
2. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, Hum - bly, tru - ly to be - lieve,
3. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, In the ranks of truth to stand,
4. Is there one a - mong our num - ber, Read - y, will - ing now to say,

And ac - cept the terms of par - don, Of - fered in His Ho - ly Word?
That by sim - ple faith in Je - sus, His for - give - ness will re - ceive?
Who will bear the Gos - pel Ban - ner, With a bold and fear - less hand?
I would like to find the Sav - iour, Come at once, with - out de - lay?

CHORUS.

Do not wait an - oth - er mo - ment, Now be - gin your life a - new,

Rall.

O re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber, Time will nev - er wait for you.

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane.

No. 24. THERE 'S A PROMISE FROM THE LORD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There 's a prom-ise from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, 'T is re - cord - ed
2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sing - ing
3. Oh, His wondrous grace to me, Hal - le - lu - jah, Shall my theme for -
4. To the pal - ace gates on high, Hal - le - lu - jah, He will guide me

in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah, That the faith - ful He 'll re - ward,
all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah, In my weak - ness I am strong,
ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah, With His blood He made me free,
with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him by and by,

Hal - le - lu - jah, And that prom - ise I be - lieve, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah, For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah, I am hap - py in His love, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah, And in glo - ry at His feet Praise His name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust-ing in the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust-ing in the Lord, Praise His name.

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane.

No. 25. MY FAITH IS STAYED ON THEE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. A. M. HOWARD.

1. My faith is stayed on Thee, O Lord, Re-deem-er, King di - vine, My soul re - joic - es
2. My spir - it leans on Thee, O God, Thou art my Sun and Song, Thine ev - er - last - ing
3. My faith is fixed on Thee a - lone, No oth - er hope have I; Thy sav - ing grace and

in Thy Word, I claim each promise mine. I go from strength to strength each day, Re-
Arms are broad, A ref - uge true and strong. I know in whom I put my trust, Nor
pow'r I own, And on Thy love re - ly. Thy pard'ning blood can cleanse my soul, And

freshed, O God, by Thee, And all a - long my pil - grim way, Thy guiding hand I see.
can I be dis - mayed, For Thou art kind and good and just, On whom my faith is stayed
wash it white as snow. O Sav - iour, come and make me whole, Thy blessing now bestow

CHORUS.

My faith, . . . is stayed on Thee, For Thou . . . hast died for me,
is stayed, hast died,

O God, my King, to Thee I'll cling, My faith is stayed on Thee.

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o. 26.

BENEATH HIS WINGS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am trust - ing Him who died for me, And I bless His
2. I am trust - ing Him the strong to save, He has pur-chased
3. I will trust my Sav - iour all the way, To the pearl - y

name that grace is free, How my soul for joy breaks forth and sings,
life be - yond the grave, O the pure de - light His pres - ence brings,
gates of end - less day, Till a vic - tor crown in heav'n I wear,

REFRAIN.

While I rest in peace be - neath His wings. I am trust - ing,
While I rest in peace be - neath His wings.
Then I'll praise His name for - ev - er there.

I am trust - ing, And my soul with ho - ly rap - ture sings, I am

trust - ing, I am trust - ing, While I rest in peace be-neath His wings.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane.

No. 27. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

ANNIE M STOWE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Not far from the king-dom, O words of the Lord, How deep - ly im
2. Not far from the king-dom, make haste to re - ceive, The par - don He
3. Not far from the king-dom, where all may pre-pare, Bright man - sions of

press - ive they come from His word, He spoke them so kind - ly, He
of - fers to those who be - lieve, From love's ten - der plead-ing what
glo - ry, with Je - sus to share, Not far from the king-dom, O

speaks them to - day, The nar - row gate is o - pen, we can still hear Him say.
keeps you a - way, The Sav - iour now is call - ing, we can still hear Him say.
come while you may, The Sav - iour now is wait - ing, we can still hear Him say.

CHORUS.

Not far, no not far, O soul, no not far, 'T is not far from the kingdom, Wh

keeps thee a - way? Come, O come to thy Lord, O be - lieve on His word

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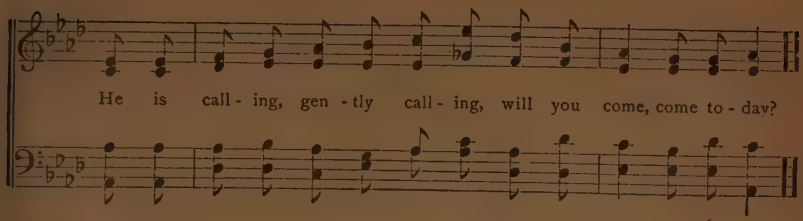
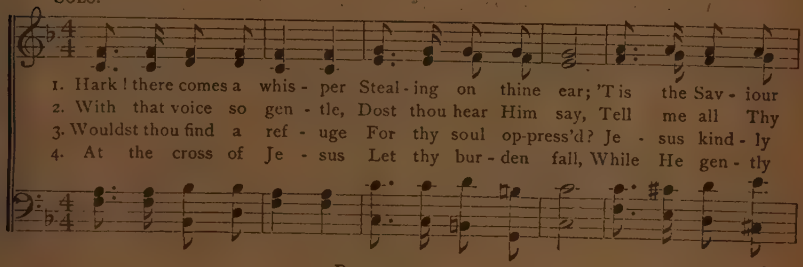
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM. Concluded.



No. 28. GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

SOLO.



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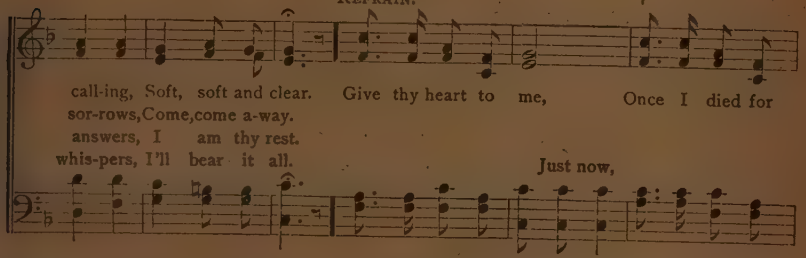

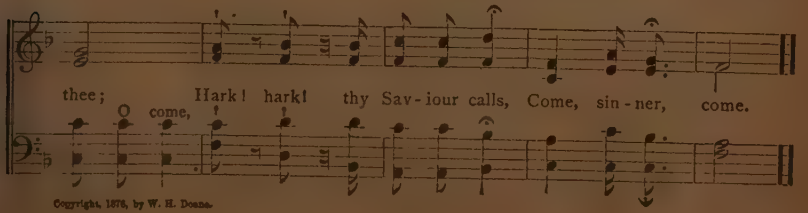

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No. 29. WALK AND TALK WITH JESUS.

MARTHA E. OLIVER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, walk and talk with Je - sus, In fel - low - ship com - plete;
2. Come, tell your love and long - ing, And clasp your Fa - ther's hand;
3. If doubts and cares are vex - ing, Talk with your faith - ful Friend;
4. His bound-less love and mer - cy Can ev - 'ry need sup - ply;

Bring all your joys and sor - rows, And lay them at His feet.
The bro - ken speech may fal - ter, But He will un - der - stand.
Tell ev - 'ry thought to Je - sus, And on His strength de - pend.
His dai - ly grace re - stores us, Like man - na from on high.

CHORUS.

O bless - - ed thought, It cheers the dark - est day,
O bless - ed thought, O bless - ed thought,
To walk and talk with Je - sus, While jour-neying on our way.

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No. 30.

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par - don to - day?
2. Coming in love and in mer - cy, Quick - ly now un - to Him go;
3. Lis- ten, the Spir - it is call - ing, Je - sus will free - ly for - give;
4. He is so ten - der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;

rit.

Hear the glad mes-sage we bring you, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, Par - don and peace He 'll be - stow.
Why not this mo-ment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mer- cy and live.
O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass- ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is passing this way, . . . This way, . . . to - day; . . .
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass- ing to- day;

rit.

Je - sus is pass -ing this way, . . . Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to - day,

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No. 31. REST IN THE LORD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing on His gra - cious word;
2. Thro' the Spir - it's pow'r Di - vine, Sweet - est com - fort now is mine;
3. In my hour of dai - ly pray'r, God is pre - cious, God is there;
4. By af - flic - tion sore - ly tried, Grace my heart has pur - i - fied;

Lost in won - der while I see His a - maz - ing love to me.
He has made my an - chor sure, On the Rock I stand se - cure.
Near - er to His throne I come, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home.
Grace has made me what I am, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust-ing in His gra-cious word;
rest-ing, rest-ing the Lord,

Glo - ry now, by faith I see, This is more than life to me.
glo - ry now I see,

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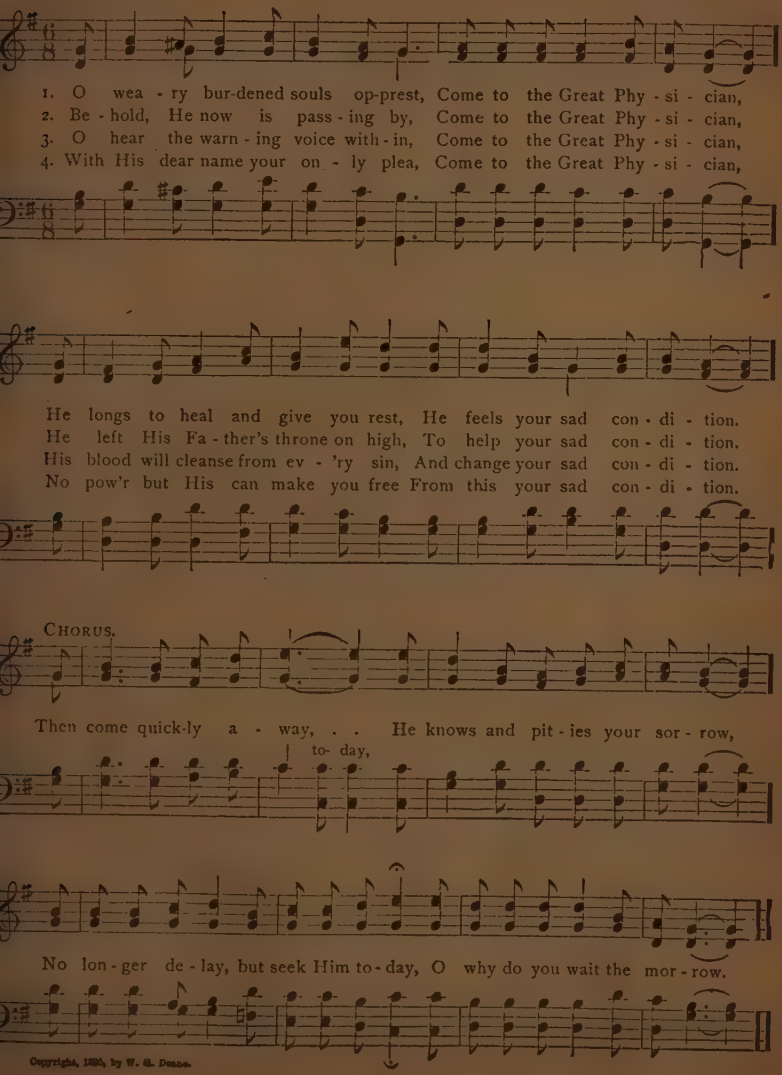
No. 32. **COME TO THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.**

ANNIE M. STOWE. A. M. HOWARD.



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No. 33. WORKING FOR THE LORD.

Rev. H. C. McCook. W. D. Howard.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. The Sav - iour's work - ers are in line, Work - ing for the Lord,
2. Go spread the Gos - pel thro' the earth, Work - ing for the Lord,
3. O, Je - sus strength-en ev - 'ry heart, Work - ing for the Lord,
4. And when we cease at set - ting sun, Work - ing for the Lord,

SOLO. CHORUS.

With joy - ful haste the ranks we join, Work - ing for the Lord.
Pro - claim to all the Sav - iour's worth Work - ing for the Lord.
To bear a faith - ful ser - vant's part Work - ing for the Lord.
Lord of the vine - yard say: well done, Work - ing for the Lord.

FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus calls us, We'll work till Je - sus calls us,

We'll work till Je - sus calls us, And then we'll rest at home.

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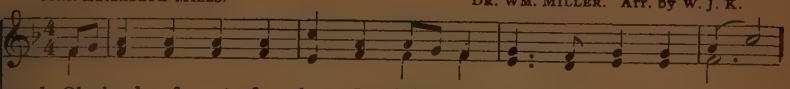
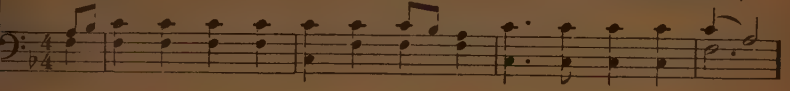
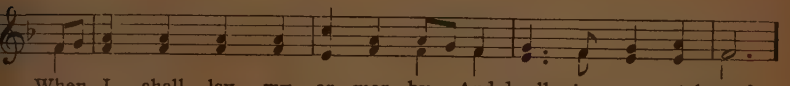
No. 34. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER. Arr. by W. J. K.

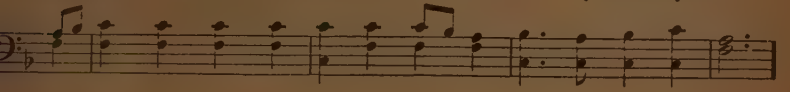


1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

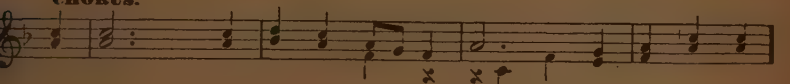




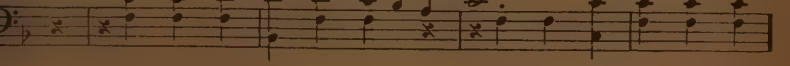
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.



CHORUS.



We'll work, till Je - sus comes, We'll work, till Je - sus comes,
We'll work, We'll work,



We'll work, till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work,

By permission.

No. 35. AT THE CROSS.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a - way,

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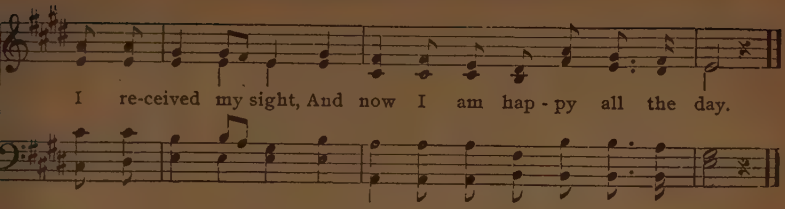
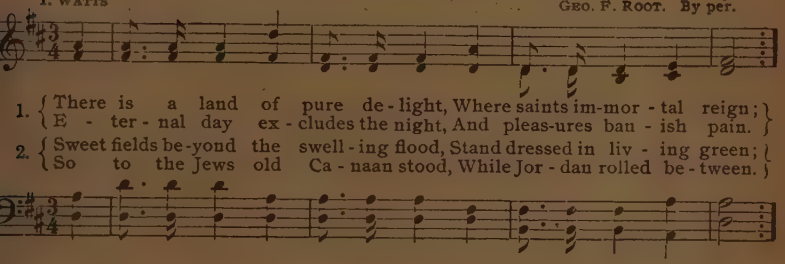


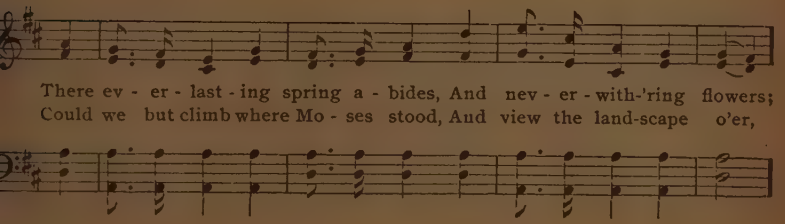
No. 36.

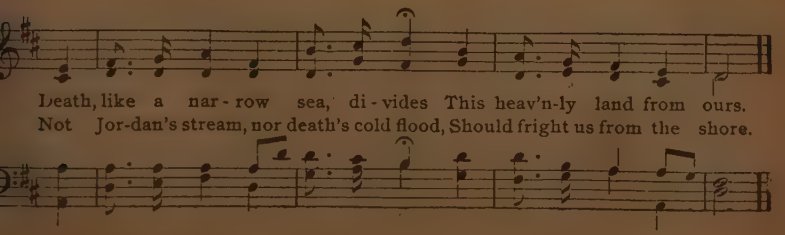
VARINA. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

I. WATTS — GEO. F. ROOT. By per.







W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der- ly Je - sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See at the por-tals He 's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should you lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer- cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-er - ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m* *cres.*

Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea-ry come home; . .
Come home, Come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earn-est-ly, ten - der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 38. JESUS ONLY.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."

HATTIE M. CONREY. REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bring-eth naught but wea - ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the loved of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en-trance I a - wait,

Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp-ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs
Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing, From the shad-owy page of woe—
If I whis - per, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;

If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos-sess a clus - ter rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heav'n-ly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth - le - hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley," And the "Rose of Shar - on" fair.
And, un-seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
Pre-cious Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Will my theme of rapt - ure be.

No. 39. COME WITH REJOICING.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

With animation.

1. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa - ther, Speak of His goodness from day to day;
2. Sing to the Lord, our great Re-deem-er, Sing He is ris - en, with sav - ing might
3. Sing to the Lord, the Ho - ly Spir - it, Spir - it of truth, our a - bid - ing friend
4. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa - ther, Sing to our Sav-iour, e - ter - nal Son;

Make known His glo-ry, tell of His wis-dom, Sing how His kindness il - lumines our way
Strong to de - liv - er, praise Him for-ev - er, Sing His sal - va - tion, His kingdom of ligh
Comfort - er ho - ly, Spir - it of guidance, Welcome Him tru - ly, let prais - es ascend
Sing to the Spir - it, hon - or and wor-ship, Power and do-min - ion, the Three in One.

CHORUS.

Come with re-joic - ing, come with re-joic - ing, Come with re-joic - ing, praise ye the Lord

Sing hal - le - lu - jah, sing hal - le - lu - jah, Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord.

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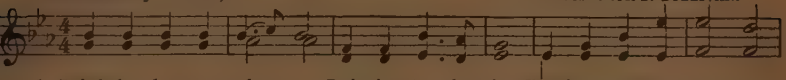
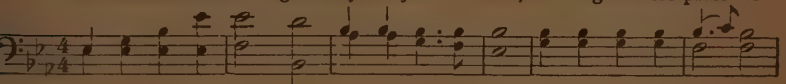
No. 40. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

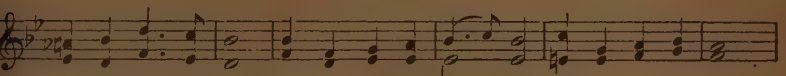
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER, SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

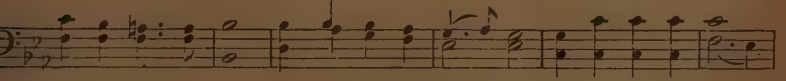


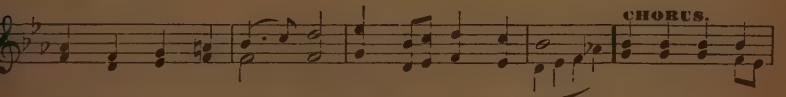
1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring endless prais - es



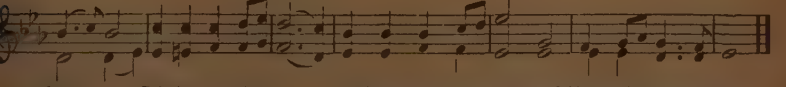


To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a-stray,
O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

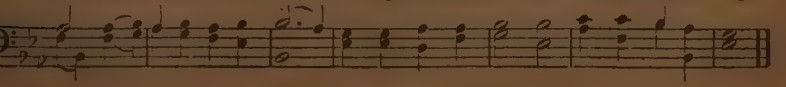




And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way. Brightly gleams our
Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau - ty;—Songs that nev - er cease.



ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their homes on high.



No. 41. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him t
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with t
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti - fu

way to sal - va - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and pl
ut-tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in va
ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would obtai
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-fra

a - gain, . . . a

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain." "Ye must be born a

gain, . . a - gain, . . .

gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I ver - i - l

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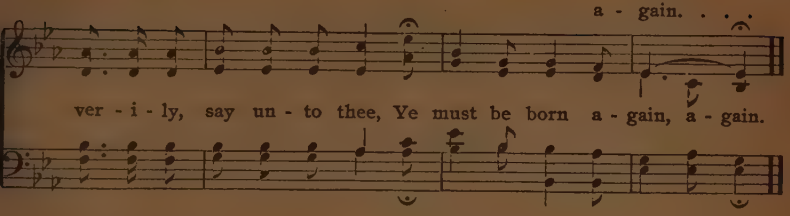
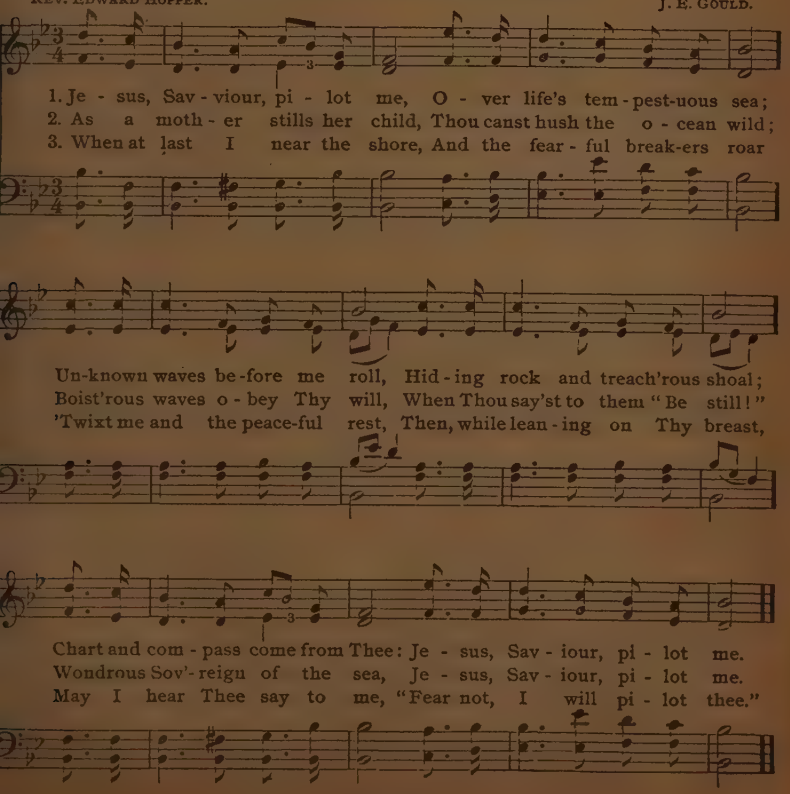


No. 42. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 43. WONDROUS LOVE.

"God so loved the world."

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes kno
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ransomed sing

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all
Re-demp - tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the bloo
The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lon
A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav
And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our Kin

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me

It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

No. 44. THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

"And the lamb is the light thereof."

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless - ed home a-
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol - low Him till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed

bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

LAMB is the light there - of." They shall walk in white, there shall
be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the
shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

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No. 45.

AT JESUS' FEET.

THOMAS MCDOUGALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. I love to sit at Je - sus' feet, In pen - i - tence and pray'r, To taste the
2. I love to sit in sor- row's hour, With-in that blest re - treat, And feel His
3. I love in sweet com-mun - ion there, To feel our spir- its meet; The feast is

par - don ev - er sweet, He free - ly gives me there. 'Tis there I love to
gra - cious healing pow'r Steal thro' me at His feet. And there I feel the
rich be- yond com- pare, He spreads me at His feet. When I my Fath-er's

plead my case, His ten - der -ness en- treat, And feel His lov - ing, melt- ing grace,
strength to dare, And all my foes de - feat, The grace each cru - el wrong to bear,
home shall see, And all the loved ones greet, No spot will be so dear to me,

rit.

CHORUS.

Within me at His feet. Par - don sweet, at His feet, ev - er free,
He gives me at His feet.
As sit - ting at His feet.

ev - er free,

Pre - cious blood like a flood flows to me; flows to me; Come to Him, O come and

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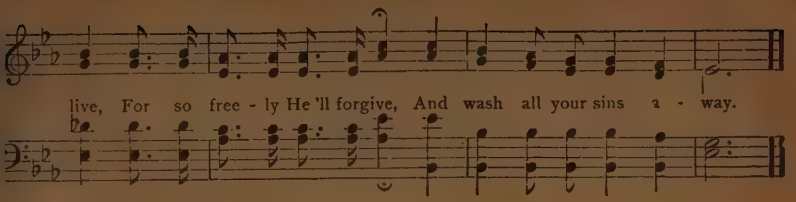
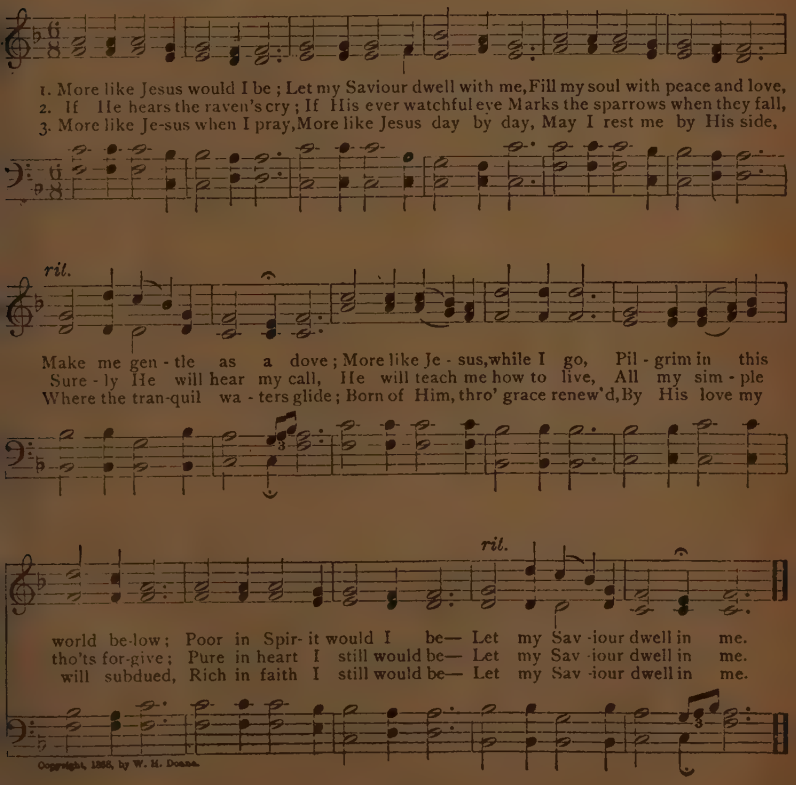


No. 46. MORE LIKE JESUS.

—Fannie J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

Slow, with feeling.



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No. 47. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

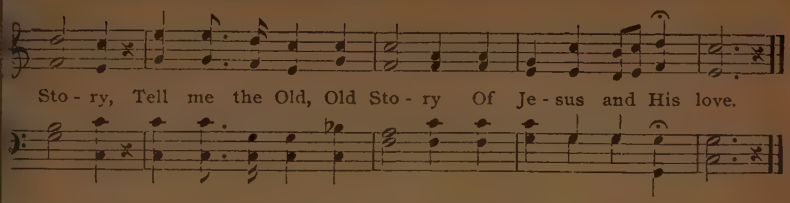
1. Tell me the Old, Old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed.

2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der - ful re-demp-tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

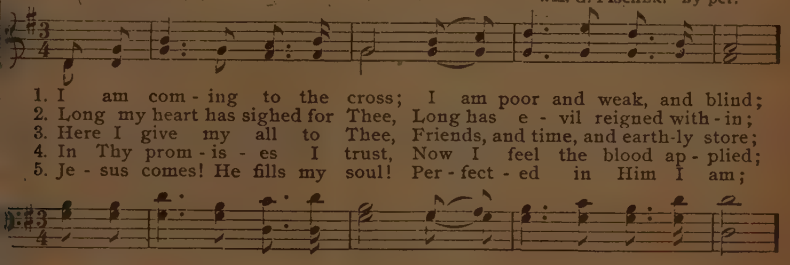
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

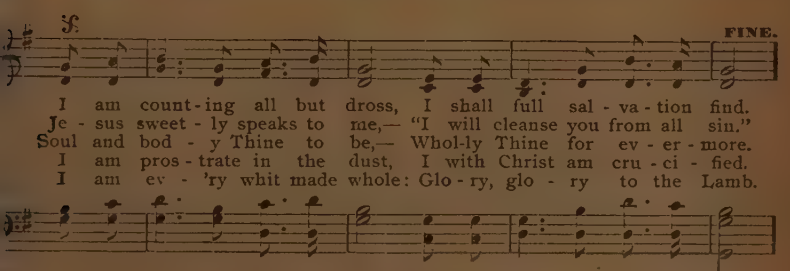


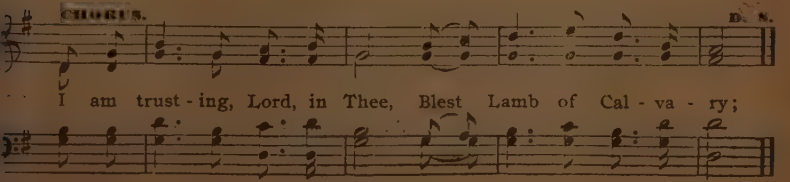
No. 48. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

REV. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.







No. 49. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY?

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But the brightness shall on-ly come to those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-part, I know ye not;" "Are you read-y for that day to come?"

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the judgment day?

m *pp* *m*

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 50. WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

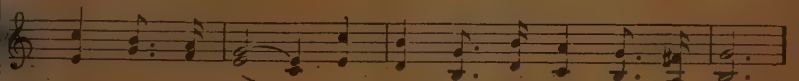
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

DUET.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For

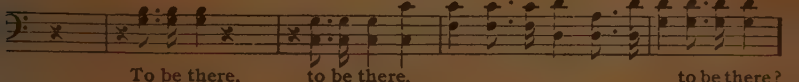
coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with -
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

No. 51. JESUS CALLS THEE.

"I the Lord have called thee."

MRS. S. A. COLLINS. W. H. DOANE. By per.

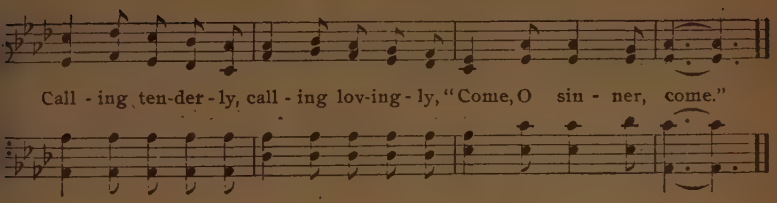
1. Je - sus, gracious One, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa-tient-ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin-sick soul, called so gracious-ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?

Calls so ten-der - ly, calls so lov - ing-ly, "*Now*, O sin - ner, come."
"Heav-y la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of-fered thee, free-ly, ten-der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?

Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

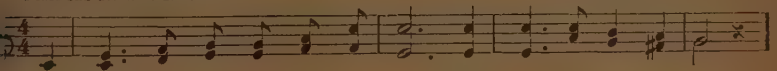
REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;

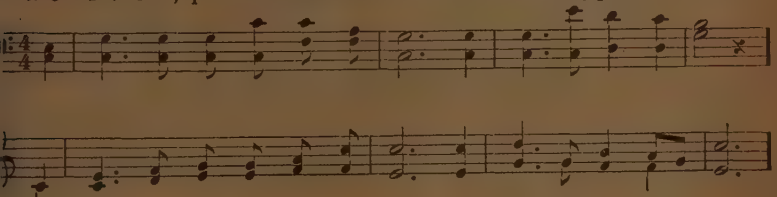


No. 52. HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

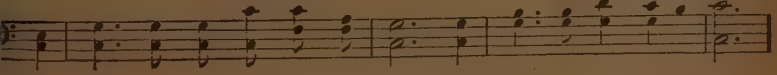
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.



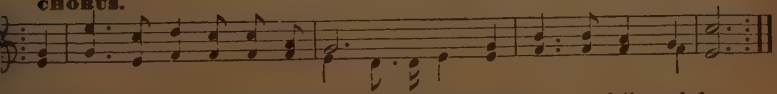
1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng.
3. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy presence be,



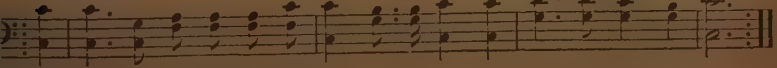
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



CHORUS.



The half has nev-er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free.
The half has nev-er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleanseth me.



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No. 53. PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While o

oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 54. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath the everlasting arms."

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

10.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,*

Rit. FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . . . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears. . . . . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. . . . . .

No. 55. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

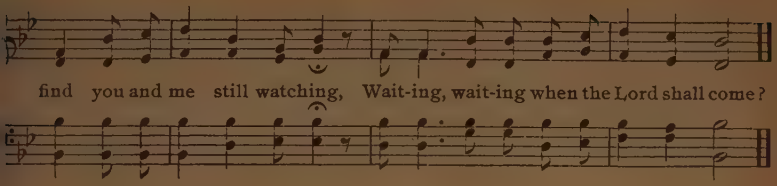
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser-vants, Whether it b
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call u
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek t
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo -

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-in
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ent
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-nig

Rit. REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an - swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

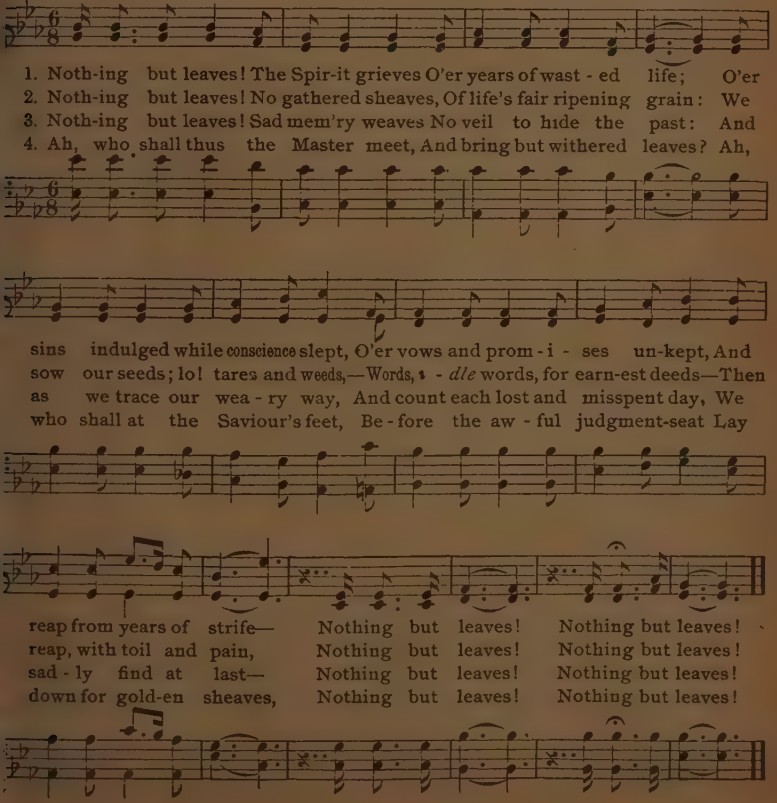
read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will



No. 56. NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

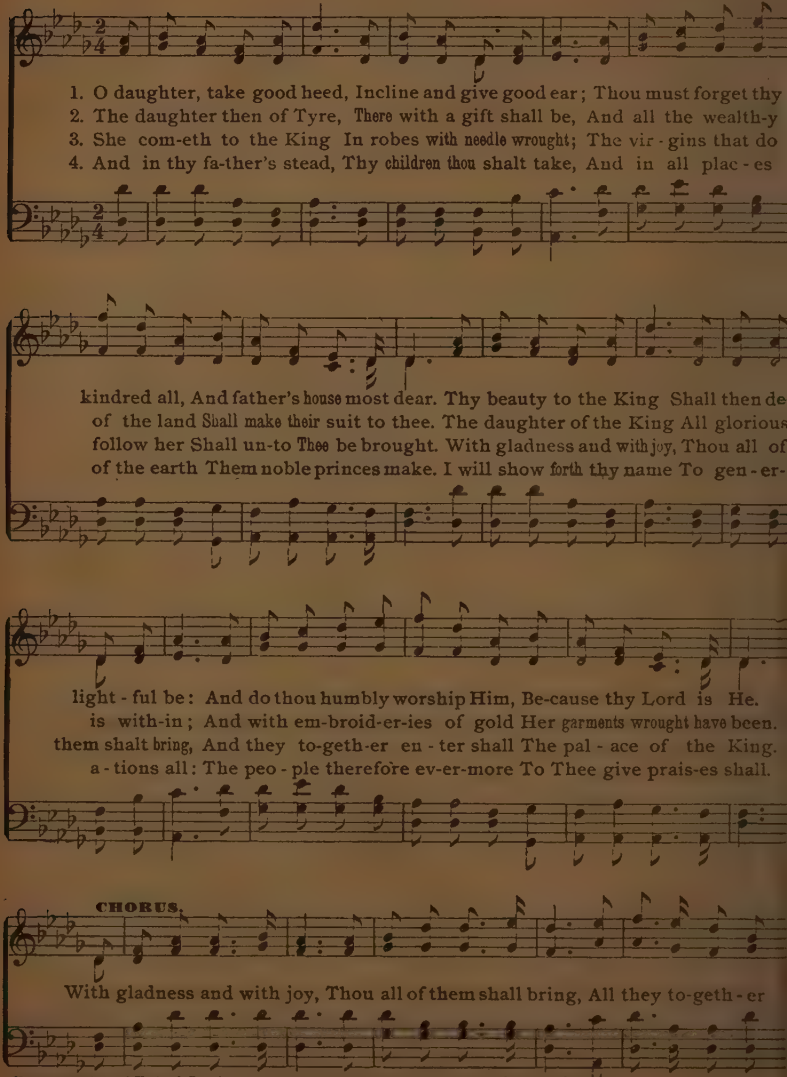
"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN. SILAS J. VAIL. By per.



No. 57. THE PALACE OF THE KING.

Psalm 45: 10–17. DR. J. B. HERBERT.



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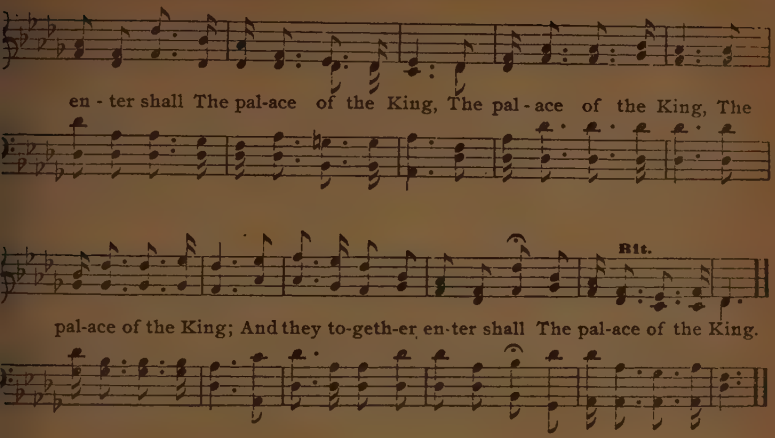
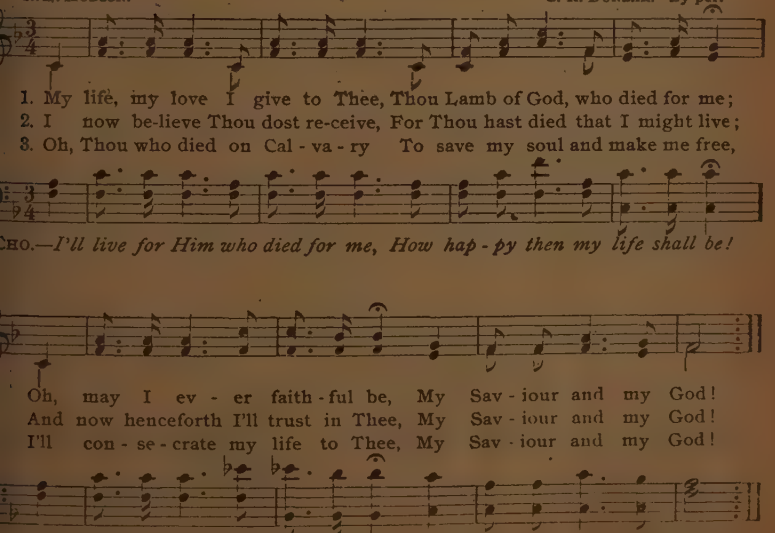


No. 58. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR. By per.



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No. 59. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867. W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un-seen things a- bove, Of Je- sus and Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! I
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonder - ful it seems, Than all the gold fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! I
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T is pleas-ant to repeat What seems, each tim tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry; t
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing a thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings, As noth - ing else would c
did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to Th
some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - vation From God's own Ho-ly Wo
sing the New, New Song, 'T will be—the Old, Old, Sto-ry That I have loved so lon

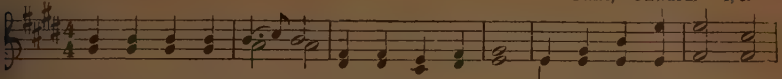
Chorus.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T will be my theme in glo - ry,

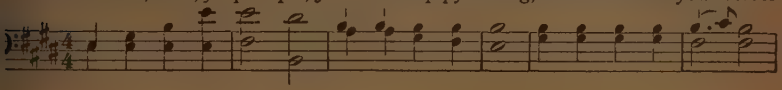
To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

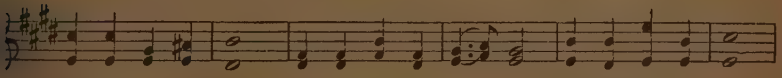
o. 60. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.

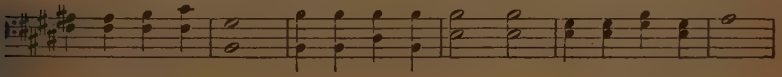


1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je- sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

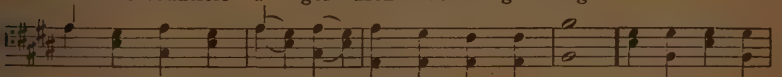


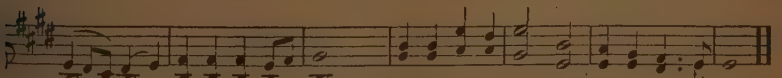


Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail,
In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.

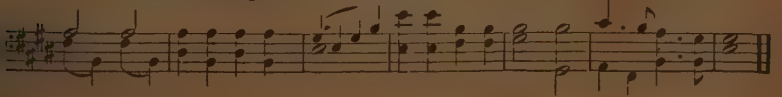


For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.





sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



No. 61.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange tha
3. If we knew the ba - by fin-gers, Pressed against the win-dow pane, Would be
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin- gers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast -ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the vio-lets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies an
cold and stiff to-morrow—Nev - er trou-ble us a-gain—Would the bright eyes of our
has - ty words and ac-tions Strewn along our backward track! How those little hands re-

com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
sunshine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when win-ter's snowy pinions Shake the
dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—Would the prints of rosy fin-gers Vex us
mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns—but roses—For our

Chorus.

bri - ars from the way. Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of
white down in the air.
then as they do now?
reap-ing by and by.

ad lib.

kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

By permission of Biglow & Main Co.

No. 62.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 63.

HIS YOKE IS EASY.

R. E. Hudson. By per.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength t
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of righteousness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

CHORUS.

His yoke is ea-sy, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it

so, He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

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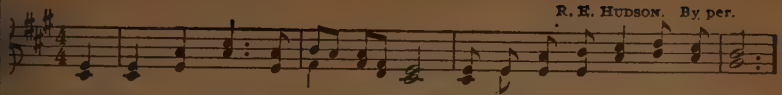
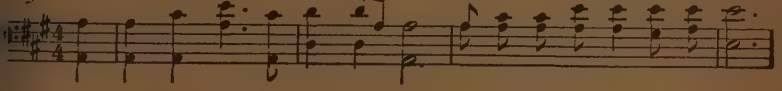
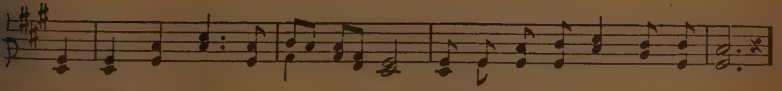
BLESSED NAME.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

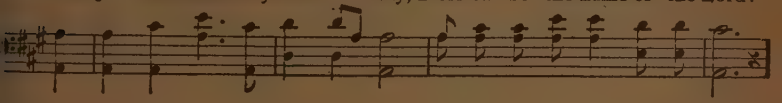


1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

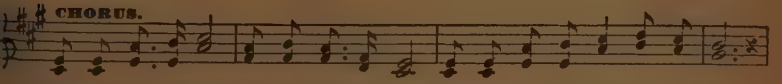




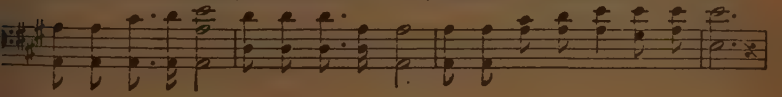
The glo - ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

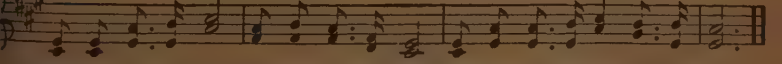


CHORUS.

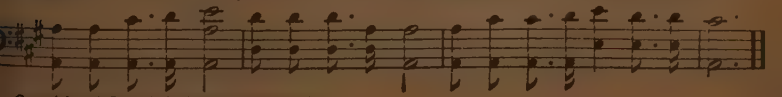


Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!





Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



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No. 65. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

"And they took Jesus and led him away."

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Chorus.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

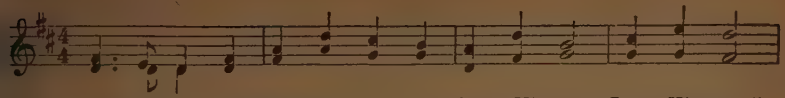
Rit.

And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

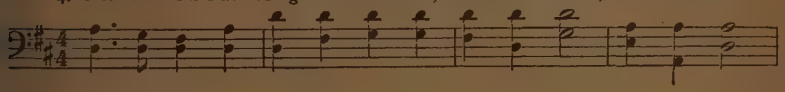
No. 66.

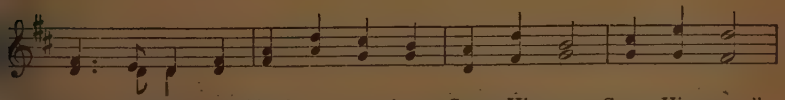
CROWN HIM NOW.

Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner. By per.

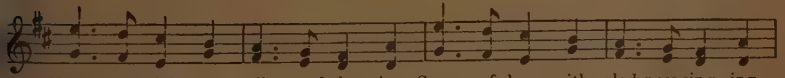


1. Sin - ners lost, but sought by Je - sus, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
2. Once he bore the thorn-crown gor - y, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
3. Truth of God! as such be - lieve Him, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
4. O'er our hearts as King we crown Thee, "Crown Thee now; Crown Thee now."

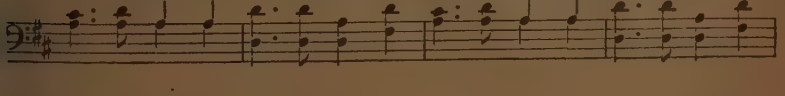


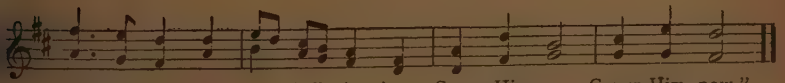


Once He shed His blood so prec - ious, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
Now enthroned as King of glo - ry, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
Lord and Mas - ter, now re - ceive Him, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
As our Lord and God a - dore Thee, "Crown Thee now; Crown Thee now."

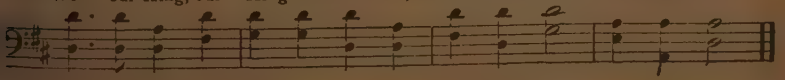


Haste, your rich - est trib - ute bring - ing, Songs of love with glad-ness sing - ing,
Won-drous love, the cross en - dur - ing, Par - don thus for us pro-cur - ing,
Once to earth he came de-scend - ing, Back to heav'n he rose as-cend - ing,
We from Thee would wan-der nev - er, Nought from Thee our love shall sev - er,





Heav'n and earth their joy - bells ring - ing, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
Life and peace by death se - cur - ing, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
His the throne of God ne'er end - ing, "Crown Him now; Crown Him now."
We our King, our King for - ev - er, "Crown Thee now; Crown Thee now."



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No. 67. AWAKE, MY SOUL.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

R. L. Fletcher. Robert Lowry.

1. A - wake, my soul, and greet the dawn, Be - hold, the drear - y night is gon
2. A - mazed were they, the Ro - man guard, Who fast the sep - ul - chre had barr
3. In loft - y strains let Zi - on sing The praise of her tri-umph-ant Kin

The sun - less grave gives back its prey, For Christ came forth at break of da
To see how vain the watch, the seal, When Je - sus did His might re - ve
Cap - tiv - i - ty is cap - tive led, For Christ is ris - en from the dea

Chorus.

A - wake, . . . my soul, . The Sav - iour lives, no more to die
A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, my soul,

A - wake, . . . my soul, . The Lord as - cends on high.
A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, my soul,

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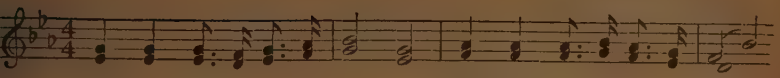
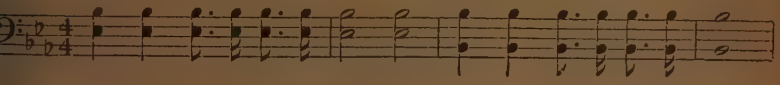
No. 68.

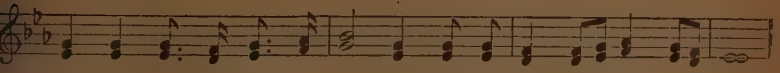
GATHER AT THE RIVER.

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



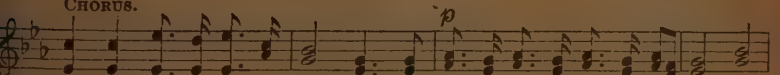
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we 'll reach that sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grimage shall cease;



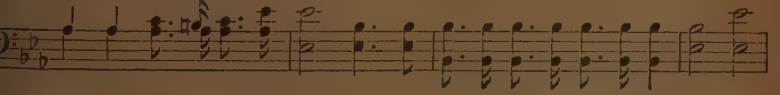


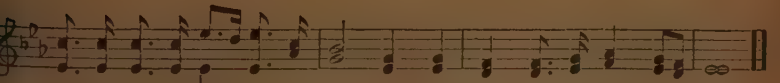
With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

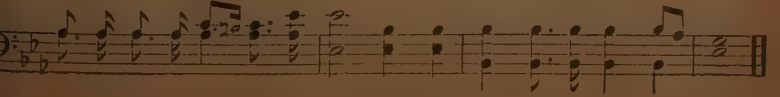


Yes, we 'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—





Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



No. 69.

SONG OF SONGS.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Frank M. Davis.

1. O that song, when safe at home, Saved thro' the blood, Sung by those who
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, Saved thro' the blood, Was there ev - er
3. Nev - er an - gel sang so sweet, Saved thro' the blood, Sin-ners cleansed a

o - ver-come All thro' the blood; How we'll sing it o'er and o'er,
sweet- er psalm? Saved thro' the blood. O the fount- ain deep and wide
lone re - peat, Saved thro' the blood; By and by, on yon - der plain

When up - on the E - den shore, Home of Him whom we a - dore,
From our Sav - iour's riv - en side, Who for us has groaned and died,
We will sing the glad re-frain, Sweet - er far than an - gels' strai

Chorus.

Saved thro' the blood.
O precious blood. Song of songs, O sweet - est song, An-them of the
Saved thro' the blood.

ransomed throng, There we'll chant it loud and long, Saved thro' the blood.

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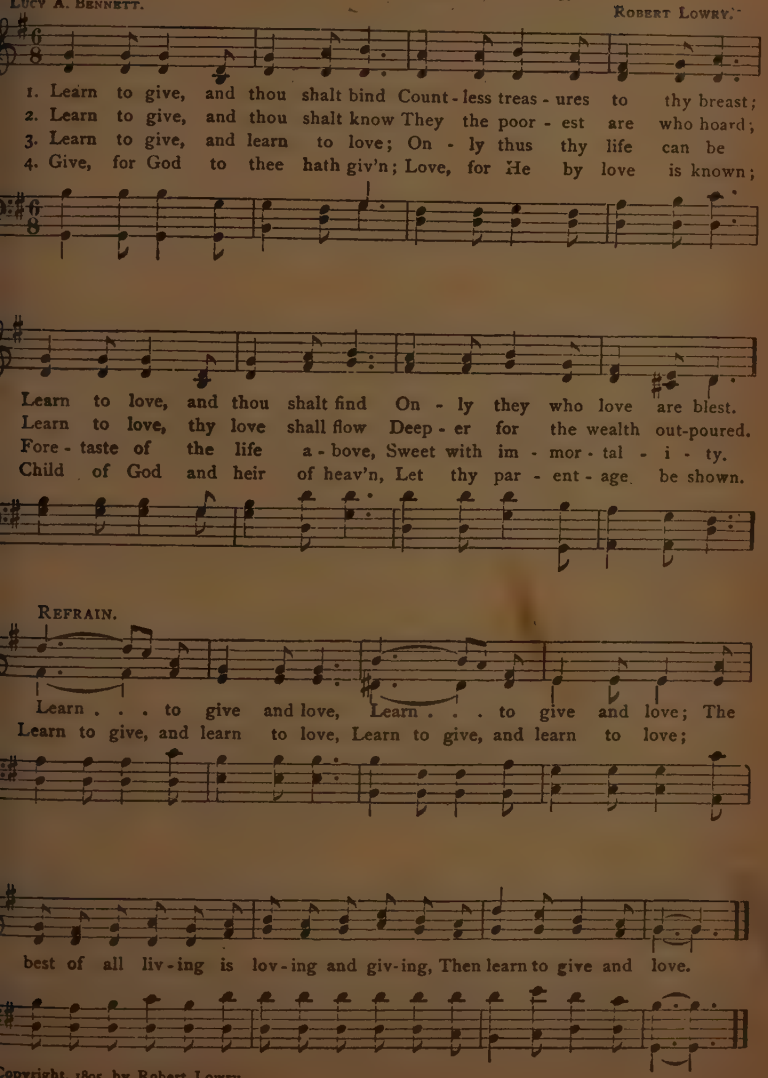
No. 70.

LEARN TO GIVE.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts 20: 35.

Lucy A. Bennett. Robert Lowry.



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No. 71. SEEKING FOR ME.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."

E. E. HASTY, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor- row and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Oh, it was won - der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!

2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free; Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me! Dy -ing for me! Dy -ing for me! Dy -ing for me! Dy -ing for me! Oh, it was won - der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!

3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call- ing for me, for me! Call -ing for me! Call- ing for me! Call- ing for me! Call- ing for me! Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!

4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Oh, I shall see Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com- ing for me, for me!

REFRAIN. For me! . . . . For me! . . .

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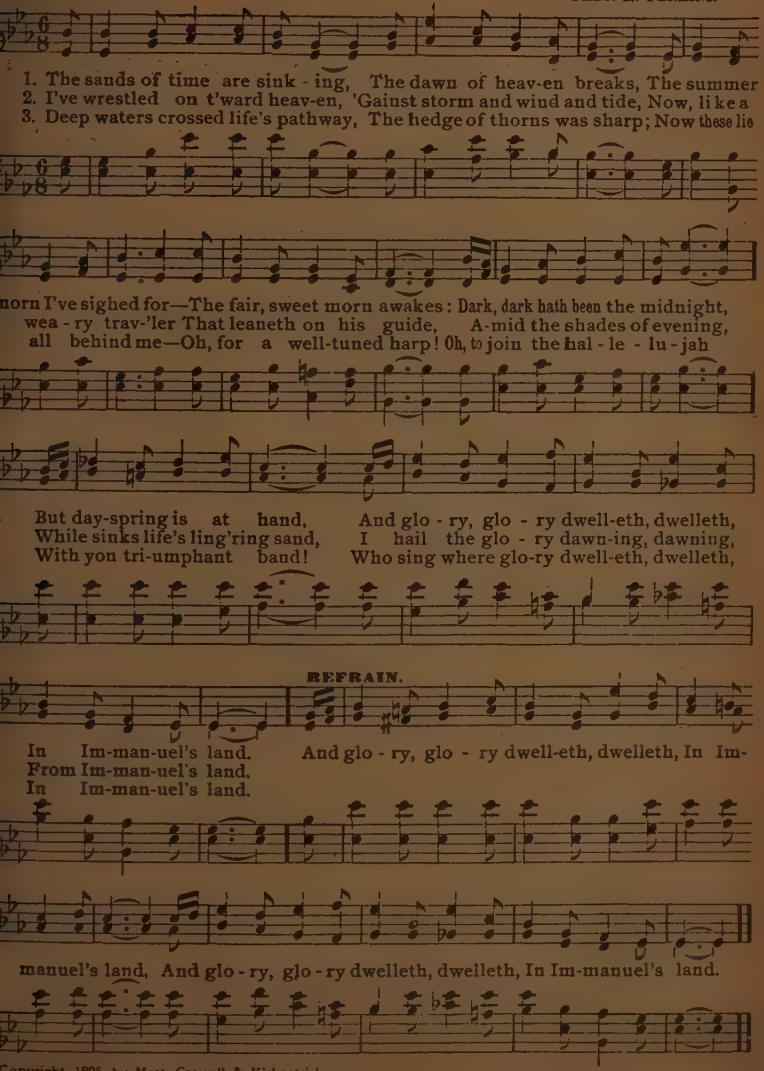
. 72.

THE SANDS OF TIME.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN. THEO. E. PERKINS.



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No. 73. JUST BEYOND.

Words from the DETROIT FREE PRESS.
SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

Moderato.

mf CHORUS.

1. Just be - yond, on the path we tread, Just be-yond, just be
2. Just be - yond our smiles, be - yond our tears, Just be-yond, just be
3. Just be - yond our friends, be - yond our foes, Just be-yond, just be
4. Just be - yond the weak - ness and the pain, Just be-yond, just be
5. Just be - yond where it meets the crest, just be - yond, Just be-yond, just be

SOLO. *p* CHORUS. *dim.*

yond; Just be - yond, on the path we tread, Just be - yond, just be - yon
yond; Just be - yond our hopes, be - yond our fears, Just be - yond, just be - yon
yond; Just be - yond our weals, be - yond our woes, Just be - yond, just be - yon
yond; Just be - yond the turn - ing of the lane, Just be - yond, just be - yon
yond; Just be - yond lies the cit - y of rest, just be-yond, Just be - yond, just be - yon

cres.

Just be - yond the sha - dows a - head, just be-yond, Just be - yond, just b

mf SOLO. *f* CHORUS. *p dim.*

yond; Just be - yond on the path we tread, Just be - yond, just be - yond.

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No. 74.

NEARER THE CROSS.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by per.

1. "Near-er the cross my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as - pires I am com - ing near - er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be: Still I 'm com - ing near - er, Still I 'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 75. "TEMPTED AND TRIED."

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

mf Moderato.

1. "Tempt-ed and tried!" Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be ra -ging and deep, may be
Its rage is vain, for the Lord shall re-strain; And for ev - er and ev - er Je
2. "Tempted and tried!" There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
He will de - fend, for He loves to the end, Our Mas-ter, Re- deem-er, our
3. "Tempted and tried!" Yet the Lord shall a - bide Thy faith-ful Re - deem-er, and
Thy shield and sword, thy ex- ceed-ing Re-ward! Then enough for the ser-vant to

CHORUS.

mf

wrath - ful and wide!
ho - vah shall reign.
chil - dren con - fide!
God and our Friend!
Keep - er and Guide;
be as his Lord!

"Tempted and tried!" The Sav - iour who died, Hath

called thee to suf - fer And sigh by His side. His cross thou shalt bear, and His

f

cres.

crown shalt thou wear, And for ev - er and ev - er His glo - ry shalt share.

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No. 76. "OH! TO BE NEARER THEE, MY SAVIOUR."

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

Moderato.

mf

1. Oh! to be near - er Thee, my Sav - iour, Oh! to be filled with
2. Oh! to de - sire to spread Thy glo - ry, Seek - ing it as my
3. Oh! to go on - ward, self for - get - ting, Will - ing to take the
4. Oh! to be - come each day more low - ly, More of Thy like - ness

Thy sweet grace; Oh! to a - bide in Thine own fav - or,
on - ly aim; Oh! to be taught Thy strange, sweet sto - ry,
low - est place; Oh! to look up - ward, nev - er let - ting
e'er to gain; Oh! to be made as Thou art, ho - ly,

D.C. *Oh! to be ev - er, ev - er prais - ing,*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Oh! to be - hold Thy glo - rious face. Oh! to be ev - er
Worth - i - ly, full - y to pro - claim.
Pride of the heart my glance a - base.
Oh! to be freed from sin's dread chain.

Ech - o - ing here the songs a - bove.

D.C.

up - ward gaz - ing, Glad with the sun - shine of Thy love.

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No. 77.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

FANNY J. CROSBY. MR. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long. This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul I am safe when by Thy side, roll,
3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past, To the land of end- less day,

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

I would in Thy love a - bide. Lead me, lead me, All my hopes on Thee re - ly. Where all tears are wiped a - way.

I would in Thy love a - bide,

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; (lest I stray,) Gen - tly down the stream of

rit e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - iour, all the way, (all the way,)

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

No. 79. IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. When ear - ly morn . . . . shall greet my eyes, ... And mid - nigh
2. Or if at noon— . . . . rich glow-ing hour! . . . . Thro' rift - ed
3. Or if at eve— . . . . sweet glow-ing time! . . . . My cross laid

1. When ear - ly morn shall greet my eyes,

dark . . . . . has turned a - way, ... How thrills my soul . . . .
clouds . . . . His face should shine, ... If He should find . . . .
down, ... my bur-dens cease, ... As twi-light shades . . . .

And midnight dark has turned a - way, How thrills my sou

with sweet su - prise, ... O what if Christ . . . should come to -
me watch - ing still, ... What sweet re - ward . . . will then be
shall deep - er grow, ... I 'll have a calm, . . . un - end-ing

with sweet surprise, O what if Christ

day. O trans-port rich, my joy complete, My ten-der Sav-iour,
mine. How love's sweet sto - ry I 'd re-peat, With joy His bless-ed
peace. O bless - ed bur- dens glo - ri - fied, My soul should then be

should come to-day.

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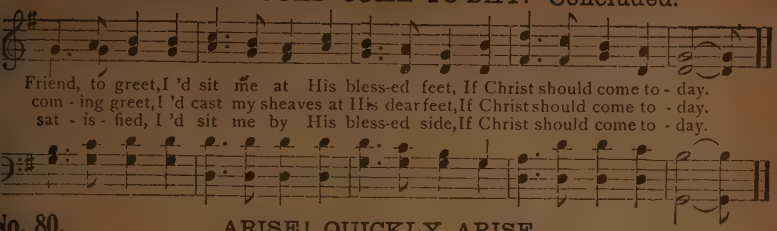
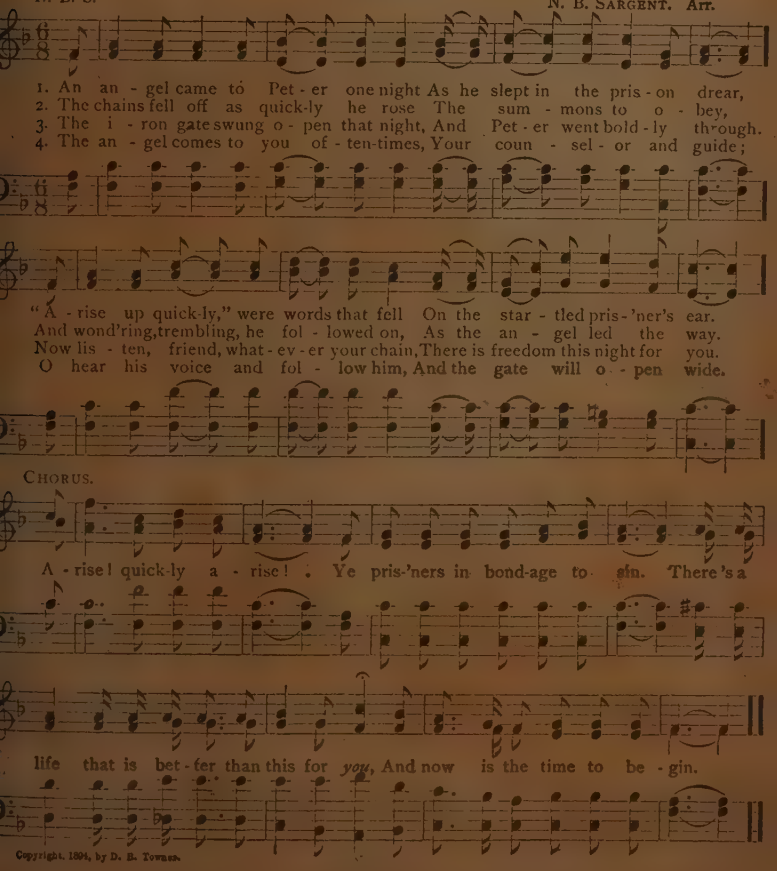


No. 80. ARISE! QUICKLY ARISE.

Acts xii : 6 - 10.

N. B. S. N. B. SARGENT. Arr.



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No. 81. **JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.**

Arranged. D. B. Towner. By per.

1. When Mos - es and the Is - rael-ites From E - gypt's land did flee, Be-
2. When Dan - iel, faith - ful to his God, Would not bow down to men, And
3. When Dav - id and Go - li - ah met The wrong a - gainst the right, The
4. When Pen - te-cost had ful - ly come And fire from heav'n did fall, As a

hind them were proud Pharoah's host, In front of them the sea; God raised the wa - ter
by God's en - e - mies was hurled In - to the li - on's den; God shut the li - ons'
giant armed with hu-man pow-er, And David with God's might; God's pow'r, with David's
might-y wind the Ho - ly Ghost Baptized them one and all; Three thousand were con -

like a wall, And o-pened up the way, And the God that lived in Mos - es' time, Is
mouths, we read, And robbed them of their prey, And the God that lived in Daniel's time, Is
sling and stone, The giant low did lay, And the God that lived in David's time, Is
vert - ed And were soldiers right away, And the God that lived at Pen - te-cost, Is

CHORUS.

just the same to - day.
just the same to - day. He's just the same to - day, brother, He's just the same to-
just the same to - day.
just the same to - day.

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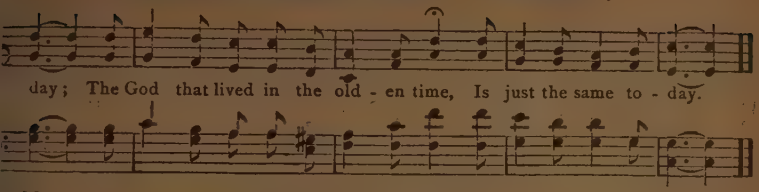
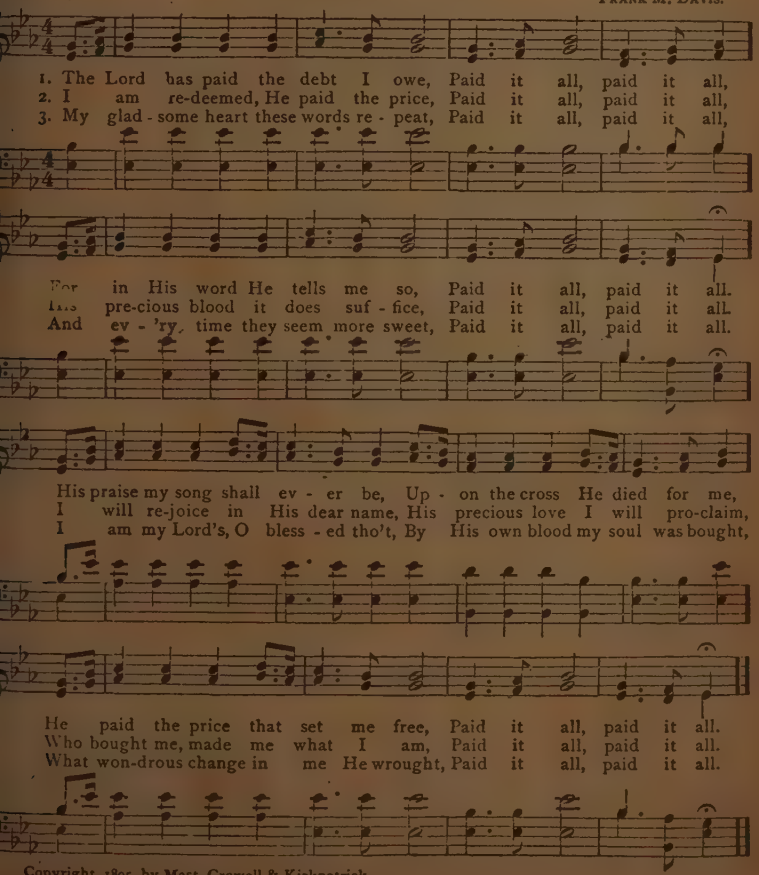
JUST THE SAME TO-DAY. Concluded.



. 82.

HE PAID IT ALL.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 83.

CROWN HIM.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Rev. Thomas Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the "Man of sor - rows" now,
2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav-iour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - clam - a - tion! Hark! these loud tri-umph - ant chords,

From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.

Refrain.

Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav-iour "King of kings."

Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav-iour "King of kings."

o. 84. BEAUTIFUL BEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Scat-tered o'er all the earth,
2. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Com - ing from Cal - va - ry,
3. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Streaming in gold - en rays,
4. Beau - ti - ful beams of sun-shine, Mu - sic and joy they bring,

Com-ing in bless-ings to na - tions, Coming in Je - sus' birth.
Bright'ning the path-way to glo - ry, Coming to earth for me.
Down from the throne of His mer - cy, Pard'ning our sin-ful ways.
Giv - ing rich bless-ings and com - fort, Gladly His praise we sing.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful beams, . . Beau - - ti - ful
Beau-ti - ful beams, beau - ti - ful beams, Beau-ti - ful beams,

beams, . . Beau-ti - ful beams of sun-shine coming for you and me.
beauti-ful beams,

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No. 85. JESUS IS SEEKING THE CHILDREN.

MISS ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Je - sus is seek-ing the chil - dren, Seek-ing for me, seek - ing for thee
2. Je - sus is seek-ing the chil - dren, He will a - bide close to their side;
3. Je - sus is seek-ing the chil - dren, An - gels so bright love the glad sight-

Back to the heav-en - ly king - dom, Je - sus our Lead - er shall be.
Trusting their dear, blessed Sav - iour, To them no ill can be - tide.
Sing-ing to Je - sus their prais - es, Robed in their gar-ments of white.

CHORUS.

Seek - ing, seek - ing, Je - sus is seek-ing to - day;
Seek-ing to - day, yes, seeking al-way, Yes, Je - sus is seek-ing to - day;

Seek - ing, seek - ing, Je - sus is seeking alway.
Seek-ing to - day, yes, seek-ing al - way, Yes, Je - sus is seeking alway, al-way.

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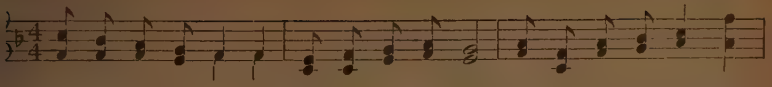
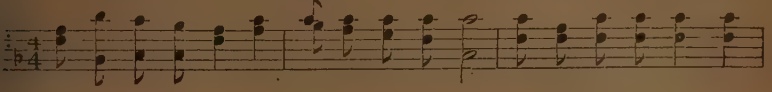
IN THE ROYAL ARMY.

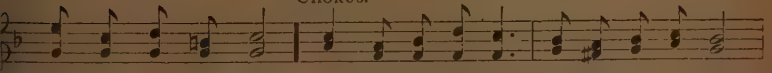
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



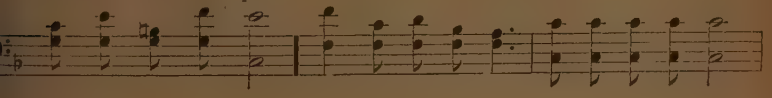
1. In the Roy - al ar - my, Sol-diers of the King, Marching forth to con - quest,
2. In the Roy - al ar - my, Like the tried and true, Fol - low your Comman - der,
3. In the Roy - al ar - my, Faith-ful to the last, Great will be our tri - umph,

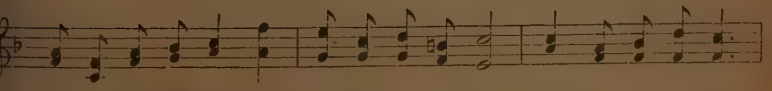


CHORUS.

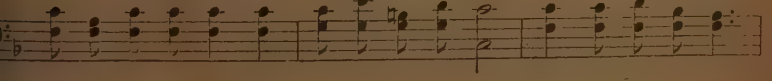


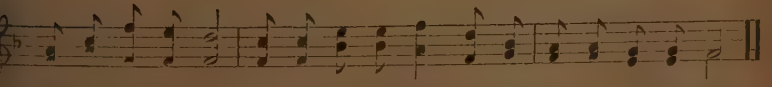
Joy - ful let us sing. Sol - diers of Je- sus, Forward let us go,
Keep Him still in view.
When the con - flict's past.





On-ward, trust-ing, pray - ing, Brav-ing ev - 'ry foe; Sol - diers of Je - sus,





Lift the standard high, On-ward, Christian sol - diers, We'll conquer by and by.

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No. 87. GATHER UP THE RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine For the one whose heart is sore;
2. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine; Gath - er them while yet they last,
3. Gath - er up the rays of sun - shine; Gath - er ere the sun goes down;

Seek to cheer the sick and sad ones; Brighten up the home still more;
For the time when darts and sor - rows, Fall so heav - y, thick and fast;
Car - ry them to homes of dark - ness, Ere the day is ful - ly gone;

Gath - er up the rays for lone ones Who are shut from friends a - way;
Gath - er up the beams for oth - ers, Treas-ure them while yet you may,
Soon we'll hear the Mas-ter's bid - ding; "Come, ye blessed, to your rest!"

Send the rays in bright re - flec - tion Of the sun-shine there to - day.
For the time and hours to use them Can be found through all the day.
Then with rap - ture we shall meet Him, And for ev - er shall be blest.

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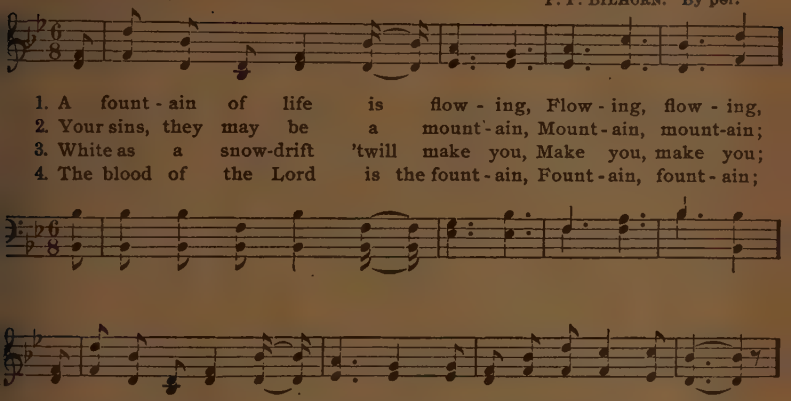
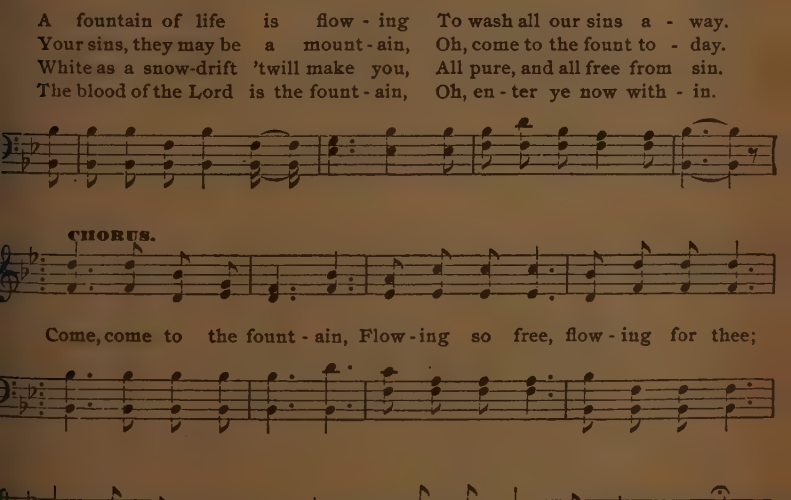
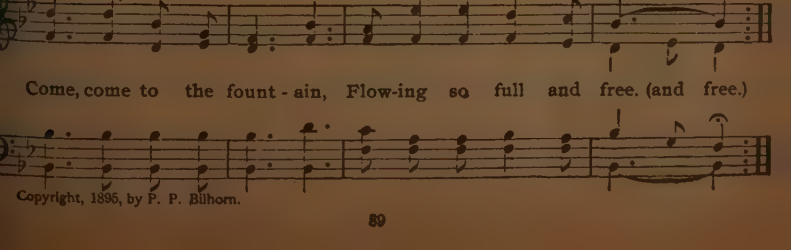
No. 88.

THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN. By per.







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No. 89.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"Mine are thine, and thine are mine."

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow,
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

"COME BACK."

P. P. B.

P. P. Bilhorn. By per.

1. Remember from whence thou art fall-en, O thou who hast turned from thy Lord;
2. Remember from whence thou art fall-en, O soul in thy saddest de - gree;
3. Repent of thy wandrings, my brother, Repent, and return while you may;
4. Return from thy nets and thy fish-es; Return, O thou back-slidden one;
5. Remember from whence thou art fallen; Why longer His love wilt thou spurn!

Re-member His life He has giv - en; Come back at the call of His word.
Look up to His side that was riv - en; He suffered to save e - ven thee.
He's calling, He's waiting, He's pleading; Repent, and His message o - bey.
Re-turn, and de-ny Him no long - er; Re - turn to the God-giv - en Son.
Come back ere the verdict is giv - en; Re - member, re-pent, and re - turn.

CHORUS.

Come back, O my broth - er, Come, there is par - don to - day;

Come back, O my broth - er, Come, and no long - er de - lay (de - lay).

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No. 91. CAN IT BE TRUE?

REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Tell it a - gain! let me hear the strange sto-ry;— Can it be true
2. Tell it a - gain! let me hear it, I'm wea-ry; Wea - ry of sin,
3. Tell it a - gain! for my heart, in its sad-ness, Longs for the peace
4. Tell it a - gain! I will try to be-lieve it; If it is true

that for me Je - sus died? Did He step down from the throne of His glo - ry;
of its guilt, of its shame; Can it be true? For sin's pathway is drear-y,
which you tell me He gives; Can it be true that for me there is gladness?
that for me Je - sus cares. Bless - ed sal - va - tion; I now will re-ceive it;

REFRAIN.

Thorn-crown'd, re-ject - ed, was He cru - ci - fied? Yes, it is true that for
Shadowed with sor - row, with dark-ness, with blame.
Can it be true that my sins He for-gives?
Je - sus my sin - ful-ness lov - ing-ly bears.

thee Je - sus suf-fered; Yes, it is true that for thee Je - sus died.

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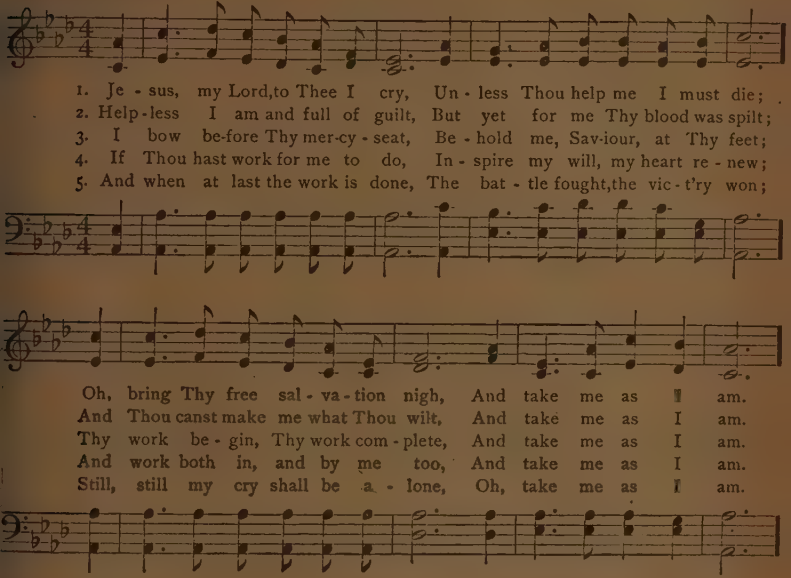
No. 92.

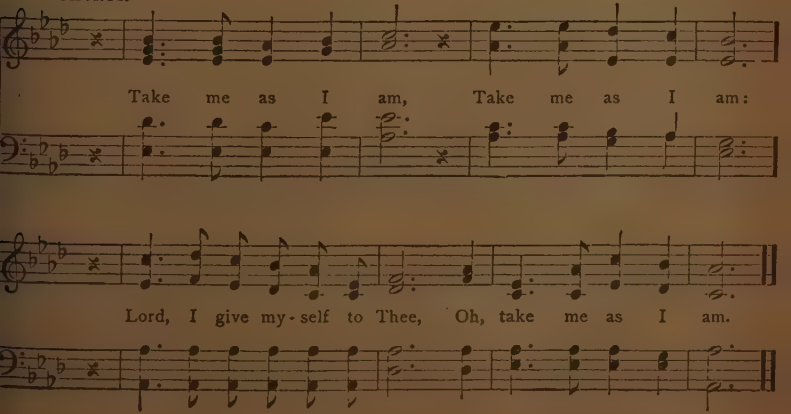
TAKE ME AS I AM.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.



No. 93. NEVER LOOK BACK.

SIDNEY DYER. *Luke 9: 62.* ROBERT LOWRY.

1. O nev - er look back with your hand on the plow, Nev - er look back, But turn the deep furrows;'tis time to work now, Nev-er look back; The spring-time is here, and there's life in the air, Re- spon-sive to breathe on your cul - ture and care; Then break up the fal - low, an
2. O nev - er look back when there's call for your care, Nev - er look back, To pluck the rank weed and to root up the tare, Nev-er look back; Re - gard not the winds, nor the cold, nor the heat, The seed that is harm - ful may choke up the wheat; O haste, pluck them up ere the
3. O nev - er look back when the sic - kle you hold, Nev - er look back, And fields are all wav-ing like bil-lows of gold, Nev-er look back; Lo, fowls of the air now are feast - ing with greed, And winds wide-ly scat - ter the ripe prec-ious seed; A - way to the har-vest, and
4. O nev - er look back when the har - vest is done, Nev - er look back, But keep the eye fixed on the crown to be won, Nev-er look back; All win-nowed and gath- ered in gar - ners a - bove, The feast of the har - vest is In - fi - nite Love, Where songs of the reap-ers wil

Never look back, Nev- er look back;

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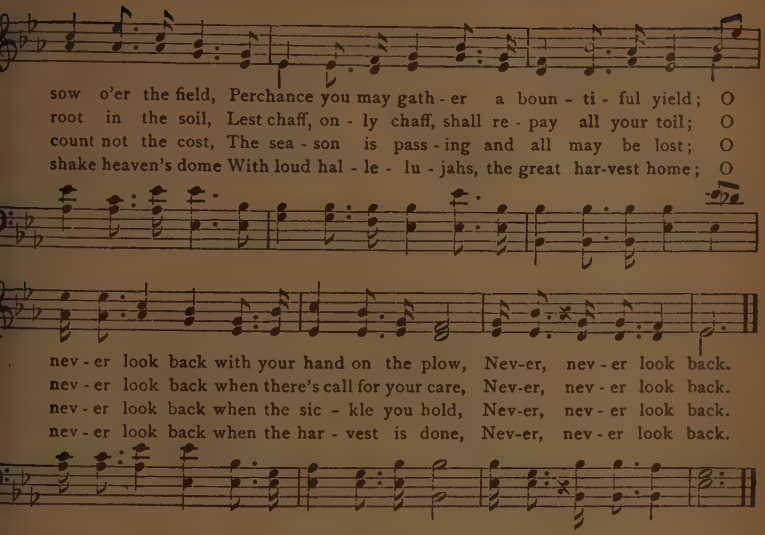
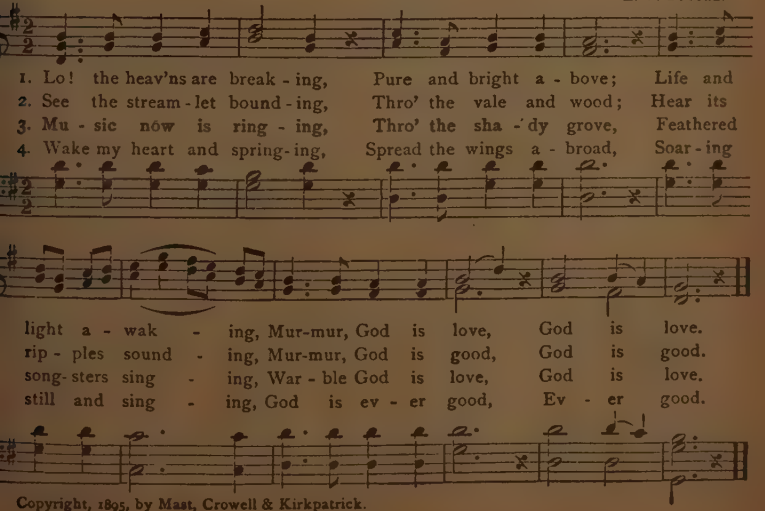
NEVER LOOK BACK. Concluded.



No. 94. GOD IS LOVE.

L. V. TUTTLE.



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No. 95.

PLEADING WITH THEE.

J. JACKSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Wea - ry, oh, yes, thou art wea - ry, Bear - ing thy bur - den of sin:
2. Lone - ly, oh, yes, thou art lone - ly, Plod - ding thy des - o - late way.
3. Trou-bled, oh, yes, thou art trou - bled; Com - fort has flown from thy breast;
4. Wea - ry and lone - ly and trou - bled, Bro - ken in spir - it and heart,

Clouds of the night are a - bove thee, Fear and temp-ta - tion with - in.
Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
On - ly in Je - sus thy ref - uge, On - ly in Him is thy rest.
Come to the gra-cious Re-deem - er: Child of His mer - cy thou art.

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice that is plead-ing with thee, Pleading with thee, pleading with thee

Hear the sweet voice that is plead-ing with thee, Ten - der - ly plead-ing with thee.
Plead - - - - ing with thee.

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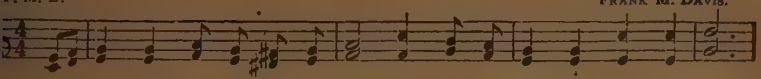
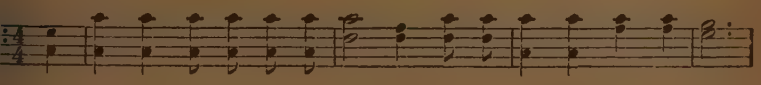
No. 96. ON WHAT FOUNDATION?

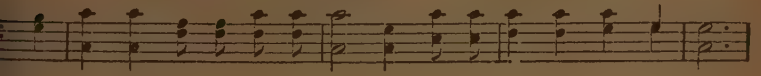
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



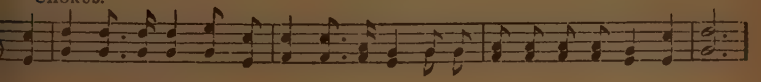
1. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, Building your e - ter - nal home?
2. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, On the Rock or shift - ing sand?
3. On what foun - da - tion are you build - ing, Building sure - ly, day by day?



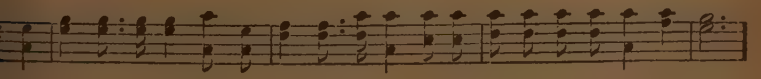
On what are you your soul now risk - ing, For the a - ges yet to come?
When floods and tempests shall surround you, Can you thro' the tri - al stand?
If on the Rock your house is ground-ed, It can ne'er be swept a - way.

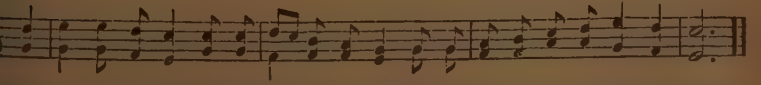


CHORUS.



Then build on the Rock, brother, build on the Rock, Never build up-on the sink-ing sand;





The Lord is the Rock that no tempest can shock, Build your house upon the Rock to stand.

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No. 97. WALKING IN FAIR BEULAH LAND.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am hap - py in the Lord, I am trust - ing in his word, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Since my Sav - iour made me whole There is glo - ry in my soul, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land, shin - ing path a - long, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land.

2. Je - sus leads me, I am blest, In his love I sweet - ly rest, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Yes, I love him more and more, And my cup is run - ning o'er, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,

3. In this land of rich sup - plies Bread is found that sat - is - fies, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Hal - le - lu - jah, I am fed At the ta - ble rich - ly spread, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,

4. O this gar - den of de - lights, O the joys up - on these heights, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land; Bright-er grows the gold - en way, Lead-ing on to end - less day, I am walk - ing in fair Beu - lah land,

D. S. In my heart's a joy - ful song, All the Walk - ing in fair Beu-lah land, I am walk - ing in fair Beu-lah land
Walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land, I am walking in fair Beu lah land

Fine. D. S.

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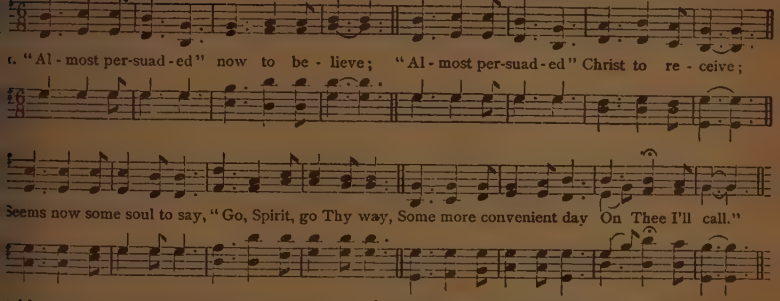
. 98. ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.

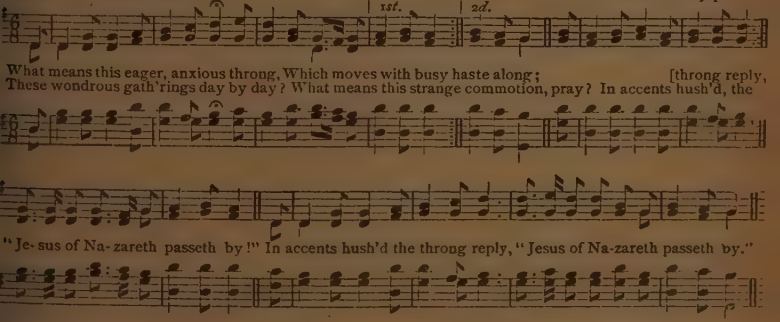


"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
Almost cannot avail,
Almost is but to fail;
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
Almost—but lost.

. 99. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Miss Emma Campbell. T. E. Perkins. By per.



Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
: Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :|

Jesus! 't is He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
: The blind rejoice to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :|

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
|: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :|

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
|: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*." :|

No. 100. ALL PARDONED I KNOW.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. My sins were laid up - on Je - sus Christ, The Lamb without blemish or stain,
2. "Thy sins are pardoned, go sin no more," Yes, that is the message di - vine,
3. My soul at an - chor no dan - ger feels, Tho' bil - lows of doubt o'er-flow,
4. "In full as - sur - ance of hope" I know There's nothing my soul can harm,

For them my Sav - iour was sac - ri - ficed—An in - no - cent Lamb was slain.
And all my doubts and my guilt are o'er, In mak-ing that mes - sage mine.
I know the prom - ise God's word re-veals, 'Tis all that I need to know.
With Christ be - side me where'er I go, I trust His om - nip-o-tent arm.

CHORUS.

My sins are all pardoned I know, ... All pardoned I know,.....
all pardoned I know, all pardoned I know,

All glo - ry to Je-sus, my cru - ci fied Lord, My sins are all pardoned I know.....
all pardoned I know

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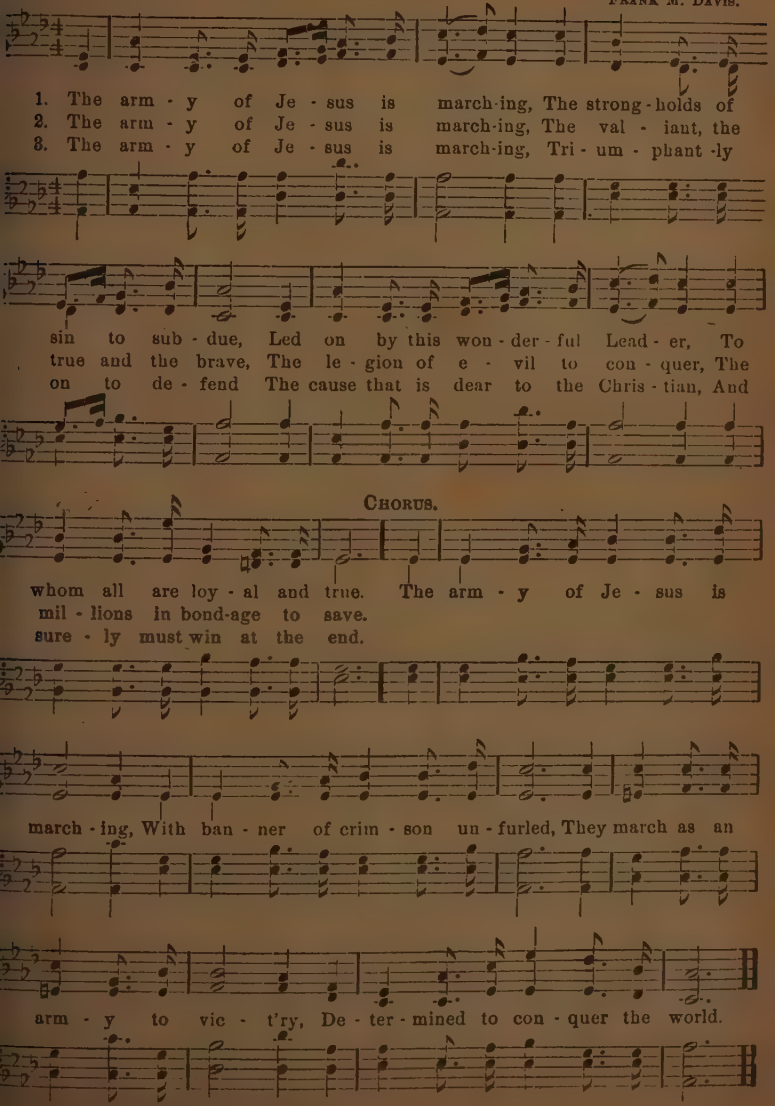
. 101.

THE ARMY OF JESUS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 102. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. from G. A. MINER.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

REFRAIN.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves! We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves!

1st time. *2d time.* *Repeat pp*

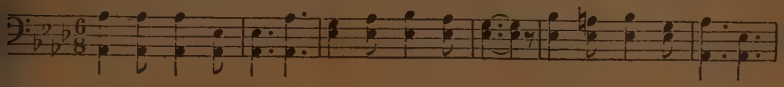
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

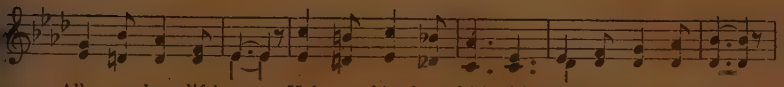
3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

No. 103. KEEP YOUR PLEDGE WITH JESUS.

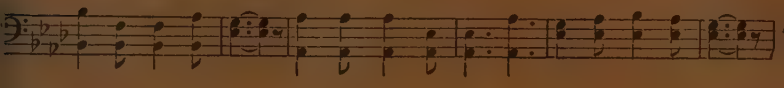
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, Nev - er from him stray, Give him your best ser-vice,
2. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, Ev - 'ry charge ful - fill, You will find a bless-ing,
3. Keep your pledge with Je-sus, While the years go by, Ac - tive in his ser-vice,

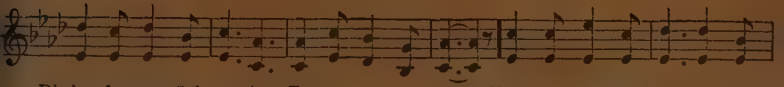




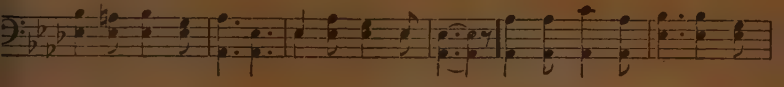
All a - long life's way; He's a friend so faith - ful, Do - ing all for you,
Do - ing his good-will; If you do your ut - most, 'Twill a tri - fle be,
Raise his standard high; When at last life's bur-dens All shall be laid down,

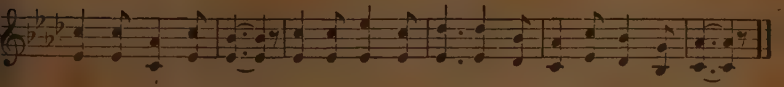


CHORUS.

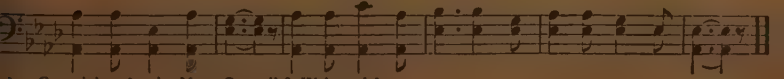


Died for your Sal - va- tion, Ev - er to you true. Keep your pledge with Je - sus, The
When compared with Je-sus' Wond'rous love so free.
There a- waits in glo - ry An im-mor- tal crown.





most that you can do Nev-er will re - pay him For all he's done for you.



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No. 104. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

Dedicated to Moody's Battalion, Boys' Brigade, Chicago Ave. Church.

E. H. D. D. B. Towner. By per.

1. Sol - diers, march - ing on - ward day by day, Who is Cap - tain
2. Ev - er for - ward, bear - ing for His sake, Bur - dens heav - y
3. Strong Re - deem - er! in Thy name we fight, Love, our ar - mor,

in the toil - some way? Christ, our Mas - ter, doth the ar - my lead,
no one else will take, Trust - ing, find - ing strength to do the right,
faith, our weap - on bright. Cour - age, broth - ers, fear not fire or sword,

Chorus.

With His ban - ner o - ver us to guard our need. Marching on to vic - t'ry,
For His yoke is eas - y, and His bur - den light.
We shall walk in - vin - ci - ble thro' Christ our Lord.

comrades bold, First ourselves to con - quer, firm to hold, Manhood brave and stainless

to un - fold, En - ter - ing the ser - vice with a heart of gold.

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No. 105.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The Lord watch between us." W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

Copyright, 1886, by J. E. Rankin.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till me meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

No. 106. JESUS IS ALL THINGS TO ME.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sweet peace I have found in a Sav - iour's love, Je - sus is all things to me;
2. He cares for me ten - der - ly all the way, Je - sus is all things to me;
3. A guide and a help - er, a faith - ful friend, Je - sus is all things to me;

He makes me an heir to His realms a-bove, Je - sus is all things to me.
He light-ens my bur - den from day to day, Je - sus is all things to me.
I'll trust and o - bey Him un - til the end, Je - sus is all things to me.

CHORUS.

All things to me, all things to me, Je - sus is all things to me; Thro'

all of my time and wher-e'er I be, Je - sus is all things to me.

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No. 107. ON CHRIST THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. W. H. DOANE.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;

I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

REFRAIN.

On Christ the Sol - id Rock I stand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

On Christ the Sol - id Rock I stand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

Copyright, 1896, by W. H. Doane.

No. 108.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

John H. Newman.

No. 109. I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME.

T. E. P. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Christians, I am on my jour - ney, E'er I reach the nar-row sea,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Taught my heart to seek His face;
3. Now my soul with rap - ture glow - ing, Sings a - loud His pard'ning love;
4. I shall yet be - hold my Sav - iour, When the day of life is o'er;

I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord hath done for me.
From a wild and lone - ly des - ert, Brought me to His fold of grace.
Looks be-yond a world of sor - row, To the pil - grim's home above.
I shall cast my crowns be - fore Him, I shall praise Him ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Tho' a strang-er here I roam,

I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go-ing home.

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No. 110. JESUS ONLY.

M. E. L. *Matthew 17: 18.* ROBERT LOWRY.

1. "Je-sus only" would we see, When our foes deride us; Tho' the world condemn, we find
2. "Je - sus on-ly" would we trust, Others may de-ceive us; He has promised in His word
3. "Je - sus only" would we know, All our hearts He knoweth; Ev-er in His steps we'll go,
4. "Je - sus on-ly" would we serve, Faith-ful-ly en-deav-or In His cause to la-bor on,

Je - sus close be - side us; Looking un - to Him, we're safe, He'll forgive and guide us.
He will nev-er leave us; Safe in - to His home of rest, He'll at last re-ceive us.
As the way He showeth; Knowing Him, with joy our heart Constantly o'er-flow - eth.
Shrink from du-ty nev - er; Those who to the end en - dure, Rest with God for-ev - er.

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No. 111. WORDS OF HEARTFELT PRAYER.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I have a friend to whom I go, Who will my sor - rows share,
2. I find it here, a sweet re - lease, From all my tri - als, care,
3. He crowns my days with blessings rich, And helps my bur - dens bear,

I hold com - mun - ion sweet with Him, In words of heart - felt prayer.
When up - ward my pe - ti - tions rise, In words of heart - felt prayer.
When earn - est - ly I go to Him, In words of heart - felt prayer.

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WORDS OF HEARTFELT PRAYER. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

O, Je - sus, at Thy throne of grace, I hum - bly meet Thee there,

Make known my wish - es and my wants, In words of heart - felt prayer.

No. 112. JESUS LOVES A VOLUNTEER.

ROGER H. LYON. *Be strong in the Lord.—Eph. 6: 10.* ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Je - sus loves a vol - un - teer; Who'll be one? Who'll be one?
2. Faith - ful sol - diers He doth need, Brave and true, Brave and true;
3. Call - ing now His ranks to fill, Heed the cry, Heed the cry;
4. Vic - t'ries on His ban - ners wait, Yes, 'tis so, Yes, 'tis so;

Will - ing feet, with heart sin - cere, Is there none? Is there none?
Loy - al both in word and deed, Why not you? Why not you?
Yield - ing, an - swer, "Yes, I will, Here am I, Here am I."
Marching through the pearl - y gate, You will know, You will know.

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No. 113. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

T. E. P. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful Cit-y that I love;
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is bright, Beau-ti-ful angels, clothed in white;
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev-'ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquerors show;
4. Beau-ti-ful throne for Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels sing;

Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful temple, God its light;
Beau-ti-ful strains, that never tire, Beau-ti-ful harps through all the choir!
Beau-ti-ful robes the ran-somed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there;
Beau-ti-ful rest—all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace;

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry Opens those pearl-y gates to me.
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Worshiping at the Sav-iour's feet.
Thither I press with eag-er feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
There shall my eyes the Sav-iour see, Haste to His heav'nly home with me.

CHORUS.

Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, Beauti-ful Cit-y of our God.

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No. 114. I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATE.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."

REV. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. O, the bless - ed Lord of light, I have loved Him with my might: Now His

watching, and I'm long - ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love to fly To my
arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait; I am lean - ing on His breast, O, the

home be - yond the sky, To my wel-come, as I'm sweep-ing through the gate.
sweet-ness of His rest, And I'm think - ing of my sweep-ing through the gate.

p REFRAIN.

In the blood of von - der Lamb, Wash'd of ev - 'ry stain I am; Robed in

f *f* *Repeat pp*

white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweep - ing through the gate.

3 I am sweeping through the gate
Where the blessed for me wait,
Where the weary workers rest for evermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won:
Oh, I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

4 Burst are all my prison bars;
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes!
Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

No. 115. THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There 's a won-der-ful Tem-ple, where the songs nev-er cease, In the cit-y of
2. O the ju-bi-lant an-thems swell-ing there ev-er-more, Like the sound of great
3. Help us do Thy good pleasure, help us hon-or Thee now, Till we stand in Thy
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa-ther, praise to Thee, gracious Son, Praise to Thee, Ho-ly

Zi-on, in the king-dom of peace, 'T is ef-ful-gent with glo-ry for the
wa-ters as they break on the shore, Sweet ho-san-nas re-ech-o to the
pres-ence, with Thy name on each brow; We shall wear Thy blest like-ness in that
Spir-it, O Thou blest Three in One, Thine, all power and do-min-ion, Thine, all

Lamb is its light, And the saints of all a-ges in His prais-es u-nite.
Lamb who was slain, Un-to Him who hath loved us, and hath wash'd ev-'ry stain.
Tem-ple a-bove, And no sor-row shall min-gle with its ser-vice of love.
bless-ing and might, In the land ev-er-last-ing, in the Tem-ple of light.

Chorus.

mp

Won-der-ful Heaven-ly Tem-ple, Beau-ti-ful, bright, and fair.

f

Won-der-ful Heaven-ly Tem-ple, Gath-er us, Sav-iour, there.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 116.

I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN.

Respectfully dedicated to the Christian Endeavors and Epworth Leagues.

R. E. H.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus, He a - lone can save: Looking un - to Je - sus,
2. Looking un - to Je - sus, In temp - ta - tion's hour, Looking un - to Je - sus,
3. Looking un - to Je - sus, Filled with love di - vine, Looking un - to Je - sus,
4. Looking un - to Je - sus, Soon He'll call thee home, Looking un - to Je - sus,

He will make you brave, Brave to tell the sto - ry, Brave for Him to stand,
Trust-ing in His pow'r: Lift - ing up the fall - en, Brave for Him to stand,
Trust ing all the time: Lift - ing up the low - ly, For Him bravely stand,
Hear Him say "well done." Tell of full sal - va - tion, For Him bravely stand,

Chorus.

Brave to help the need - y one, Do - ing what you can. Do your best for Jesus,
Brave to help the wea - ry one, Do - ing what you can.
Lead some wand'ring one to Him, Do - ing what you can.
Fight the fight of faith, and win, Do - ing what you can.

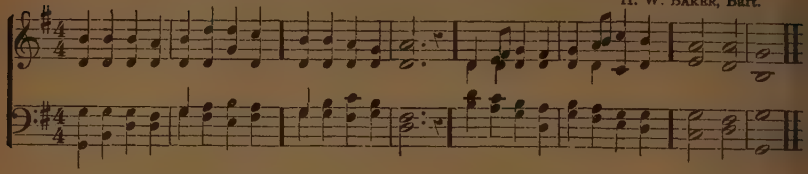
For Him brave-ly stand, Let your mot-to ev - er be, I'll do the best I can.

Copyright, 1894, by R. E. Hudson, Alliance, O.

No. 117. ART THOU WEARY? 8,5,8,3.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."

H. W. BAKER, Bart.



1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

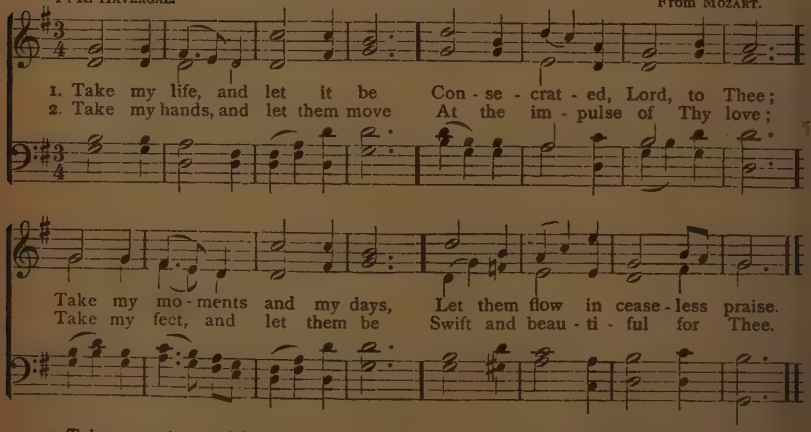
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 118. CONSECRATION HYMN.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."

F. R. HAVERGAL. From MOZART.



3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart; it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

No. 119. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BIRDIE BELL, Arr. by E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for 'tis al - ways new,
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for it is so sweet,
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, so I'll ne'er for - get;

Tell me of a Sav iour's par - don, Tell it, for I know 'tis true;
Tell me why he came from heav - en, Tell it, ev - 'ry word re - peat;
Tell me, tho' I oft of - fend Him, Tell it, that He loves me yet;

Tell me how He died for sin - ners, Tell it to me o'er and o'er,
Tell me, 'tis my on - ly com - fort, Tell it, for I love it so,
Tell me when in deep - est sor - row, Tell it, He will be my stay,

:S: FINE.

For I am long ing to hear it, Long ing for it more and more.
And I will tell it to oth - ers, Tell it ev - 'ry-where I go.
And by and by in glo - ry I shall reign with Him for aye.

D. S. *For I am long-ing to hear it, Long ing for it more and more.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me o'er and o'er.

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No. 120. ONCE MORE WITH JOY ASSEMBLED.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Once more with joy as - sem - bled, We greet this hap - py day,
2. Tho' time and space di - vide us, Our hearts are true and strong,
3. In fel - low - ship un - fail - ing, What-e'er the years may give,

To heav'n our songs up - ris - ing, Our grate - ful love con - vey.
And hail these joy - ous mo - ments With glad re - sound - ing song!
We'll pledge our - selves for - ev - er For God and man to live!

To Him who rules for - ev - er, The earth and seas and skies,
The ties that bind us close - ly, Re - sist the ills of life,
Then we'll pass on with cour - age, To join a hap - pier throng,

In cho - rus glad as - cend - ing, Our songs of joy a - rise!
And pur - er grow, and strong - er, For ev - 'ry care and strife!
In high - er ranks as - sem - bled To sing a no - bler song!

Chorus. *A little faster.*

Glo - ry, hon-or, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for-ev-er, Je-sus Christ is

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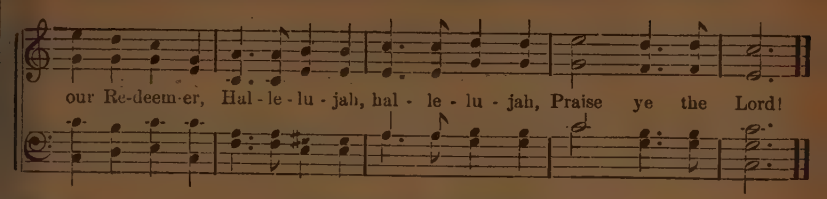
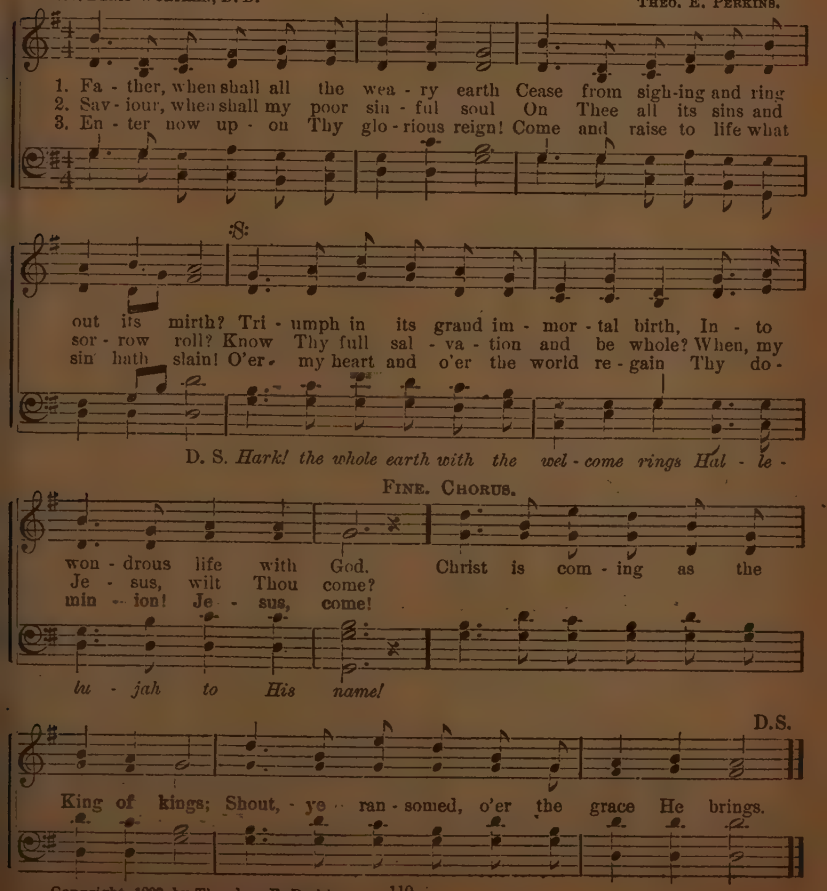


No. 121. CHRIST IS COMING.

Rev. Denis Wortman, D. D. — Theo. E. Perkins.



Copyright, 1892, by Theodore E. Perkins.

No. 122. EVENING SHADES. 8s & 7s.

D. A. Jones.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my lone - ly door;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.

2 O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

No. 123. Gentle Promptings.

1 Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice,
Can ye heed His solemn warnings?
Can ye slight His wondrous grace?

2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
O receive the offered grace.

3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press we then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the heavenly race.

No. 124. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge." Dr. T. Hastings.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—Toplady.

No. 125. HOSANNA, GLAD HOSANNA.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We're marching to a land a - bove, King Je - sus goes be - fore us;
2. He leads us where we may find rest, When we at times are wea - ry;
3. We will not fear while He is near, In face of sin and sor - row;
4. Our pil-grim-age will soon be o'er, Tho' filled with ev - 'ry dan - ger;

"His ban - ner o - ver us is love," Ho - san - na is our cho - rus.
He folds us to His lov - ing breast, When dark the road and drea - ry.
He speaks to us kind words of cheer, We trust Him for the mor - row.
But o - ver on the gold - en shore, We will not be a stran - ger.

Chorus.

March-ing a - long with joy - ful song, Feed - ing up - on the man - na;

We shout and sing to Christ our King, Ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na!

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No. 126. HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

1st time. 2d time. Fine.

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
|: Between the fair city and me. :|

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
|: And nothing that maketh a lie; :|

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
|: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :|

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
|: To meet one another again. :|

Gates.

No. 127. THE GLORY LAND.

S. M.

1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

Steele.

No. 128. **KNOCKING.**

P. P. Bilhorn. By per. Chas. M. Robinson.

1. The Sav - iour stands wait - ing and knocks at thy door, He
2. In in - fi - nite mer - cy He came from a - bove To
3. A - gain He is call - ing, re - ject Him no more, But
4. Thy good - ness has o - pened the door of my heart; 'Tis

calls thee a - gain and a - gain; Give ear to His voice, and re -
ran - som and cleanse thee from sin; Oh, yield to the voice of His
come while He's wait - ing to save, The day of His grace and His
o - pen in wel - come to Thee; Come in, bless - ed Sav - iour, and

ject Him no more, Nor let Him stand plead - ing in vain.
in - fi - nite love, And let the dear Sav - iour come in.
mer - cy are o'er, And lost thou art laid in the grave.
nev - er de - part, Come in with Thy mer - cy to me.

Refrain.

pp *pp*

Oh, bid the dear Saviour come in (come in), And cause Him no longer to wait (to wait);

He soon may depart from thy sin-burdened heart, Oh, bid the dear Saviour come in.

Copyright, 1895, by P. P. Bilhorn.

No. 129. KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

LYDIA C. BAXTER. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling, hope and fear; I've waited long and still I wait, Thy gracious word to hear; Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys Thou hast in store; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

2. None ev - er empty turned away, Who truly sought Thy face; And I, my Saviour, come to stay, To seek Thy pard'ning voice; Thy precious blood is all my plea, This can my soul re - store; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

REFRAIN.

Kneel - ing at the door, ... Kneel - ing at the door,
Kneeling at the door, Kneeling at the door, Kneeling at the door,

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door; . . . . . O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
Kneeling at the door;

No. 130. BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GRAIN.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The grain, the grain, 'tis the beautiful grain, That laughs in the breeze with a glad re-frain;
2. The sheaves, the sheaves, from the beautiful sheaves A song is now rustling through all the leaves;
3. The winds of morning are wafting the strain In harmon-y sweet with a glad re-frain;
4. Re-joice, rejoice in the accents of pray'r, With praises to God for His wondrous care;

It gives the world sweetest joy in her pain, And blesses mankind for his toil to gain;
Around, above, and whoev - er receives These gifts from the Lord which His faith perceives;
And nature sings while they gather the grain, From over the valley and hill and plain;
For harvest days and the fields that now wear The robes of this autumn so bright and fair;

This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
Find to - kens of love in these beauti-ful gold-en sheaves.
This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
And beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti-ful gold-en grain.
1, 3, 4. beau-ti-ful grain, beau-ti-ful grain, golden grain.
2. to-kens of love, to-kens of love, golden sheaves.

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No. 131. LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

"The chiefest among ten thousands." JOHN ZUNDEL.

Andante con moto.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion,

Fine. *D. S.*

All Thy faithful mercies crown, Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
En - ter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 132. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"Waiting to save." GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief; Bu-ry them deep in its wa-ters,
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee; What tho' thy sins are like crimson,

CHORUS.

There thou wilt find a re - lief.
White as the snow they shall be.
Haste thee a - way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a

moment's de - lay; Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

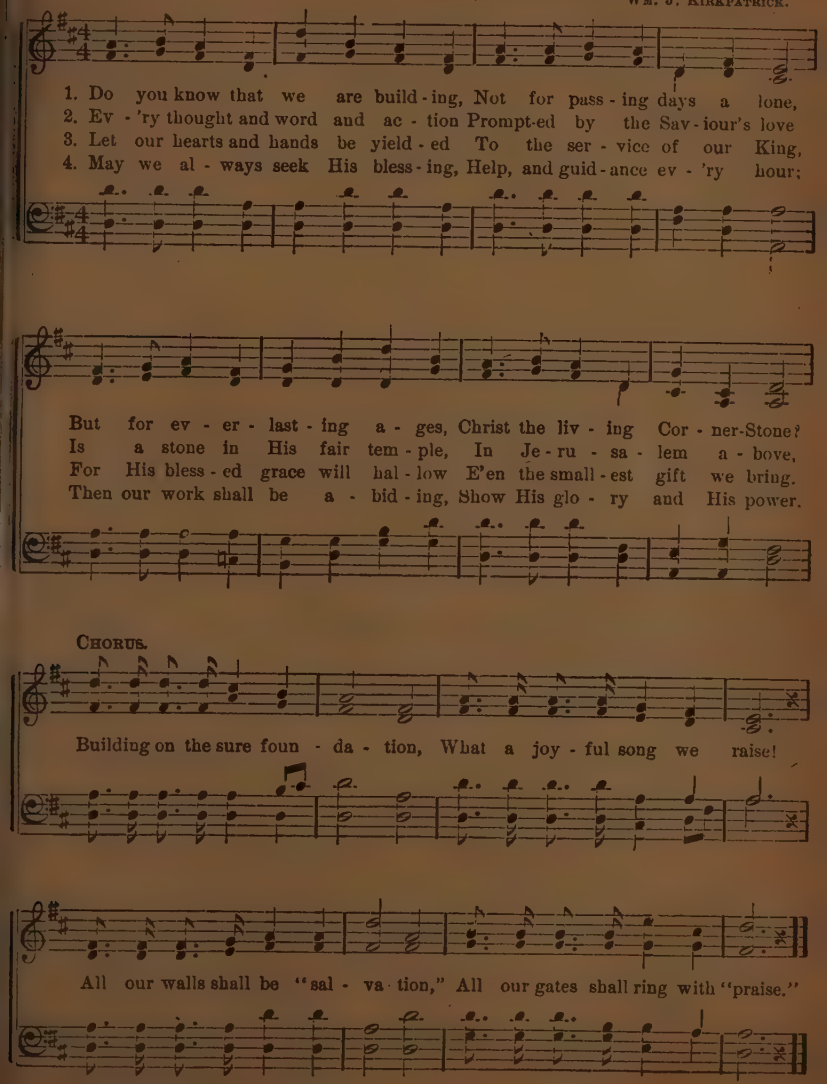
3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hand shall receive.
Cho.—Haste thee away, etc.

4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.
Cho.—Haste thee away, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 133. DO YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE BUILDING?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 134.

REDEEMED.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

T. C. T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-va - ry, And for a ran - som shed His blood For you, and e - ven me. I'm re - deemed,.. I'm re- deemed, ... Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain,..... I'm re- deemed,.... I'm re - deemed,.... Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb!

Refrain.

I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, of the Lamb that was slain, I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,

2 O wondrous power of love divine!
So pure, so full, so free!
It reaches out to all mankind,
Embraces even me.
I'm redeemed, &c.

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And evermore shall be!
He hath redeemed a world of sin,
And ransomed even me.
I'm redeemed, &c.

No. 135. BEAUTIFUL LESSONS OF TRUST.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wherev - er I look, wherev - er I turn, A beau-ti - ful lesson of trust I can learn;
2. The del - i - cate flow'rs that grow at my feet, Have each one a message, so happy and sweet;
3. The bird, full of joy, is mounting on high, And sings on its way to the clear morning sky;

A les - son of trust in our Father above, Who watches His children in tenderest love.
If God clothes the lily in garments so fair, Much more will His children receive His kind care.
"Trust God," is the music that rings from His voice, Since He is my Father I'll sing and rejoice.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful, beauti - ful les-sons of trust, Beau-ti-ful les-sons of love;
of love;

Ad lib.

I'll trust Him, I'll trust Him by night and by day, Our Father in heaven a - bove.

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No. 136. LABOR TO-DAY

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Work in my vineyard! the morning is bright, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
2. Work in my vineyard! in noontide's fierce heat, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
3. Work in my vineyard! the shadows grow long, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;
4. Work in my vineyard! from morn until eve, La-bor to-day, la-bor to-day;

Now while the sun bathes the world in its light, Hasten my voice to o - bey.
Tho' on thy brow the sun's scorching rays beat, Faint not, thy toil I'll repay.
Cheer - ful-ly go to thy task with a song, Do not stand i-dle, I pray.
Boun - ti-ful pay thou wilt surely re-ceive, How can'st thou tarry a - way?

CHORUS.

La - - - bor to-day, to-day, La - - - bor to-
La - bor to - day, la - bor to - day, La - bor to - day,

day, to-day, Come and work in my vineyard, Come and work while you may.
la - bor to-day,

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No. 137.

ETERNITY.

J. W. C.

Not too fast.

P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. How long sometimes a day ap-pears, And weeks how long are they;
2. But months and years are pass-ing by, And soon must all be gone;
3. And all of these must have an end— E-ter-ni-ty has none:
4. E-ter-ni-ty comes on a-pace, The warn-ing cries re-sound!

They move as if the months and years Would nev-er pass a-way.
For day by day as mo-ments fly, E-ter-ni-ty comes on.
'T will al-ways have as long to spend As when at first be-gun.
Pre-pare, O soul, thou must live on, Oh, where wilt thou be found?

CHORUS.

E-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, Thine end can nev-er be! E-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, How shall it be with thee?

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No. 138. I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."

S. O. MALLEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing Sav-iour, tho'

earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And

f CHORUS.

O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too! For you I am pray - ing, For

p *f* *pp* *rall.*

you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

2 I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven;
But O, may He lead you to go with me too!—*Cho.*

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—*Cho.*

4 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you!—*Cho.*

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—*Cho.*

No. 139. OH, BRING THEM TO JESUS!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the wayworn, the weary, The Saviour hath said, come to
2. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the sad and afflict - ed, The souls who are mourning the
3. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the wretched, the erring; Lost prodigals, far from their
4. Oh, bring them to Je - sus! the dwellers in darkness, Yes, lead them from gloom unto

S.

me and find rest; A par - don for sin - ners, and love for the lonely, And
loved they have lost; He tender - ly binds up the hearts that are broken, And
Fa-ther's a - bode; For why should they perish 'neath sin's heavy burden When
Him the True Light; For He is the Sun whose al-might - y ef-fulgence Will

D. S. *died to redeem them, He's*

FINE. CHORUS.

comfort and strength for the faint and oppressed. Oh, bring them to Jesus! Oh, bring them to
of-fers a ref-uge to those tempest-tossed.
He is so will-ing to car - ry their load?
scat - ter the shadows of sin's dis-mal night.

waiting to welcome the sin-la-den one.

D. S.

Je - sus! Bright crowns for the faithful when labor is done, Oh, bring them to Jesus; He

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No. 140. O PRICELESS WISDOM.

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O price-less Wis - dom, thy true worth Ex-ceeds the rich - est gifts of earth;
2. More prec-ious far than ru - bies bright And all the things that most de - light,
3. A tree of life to all thou art Who seek thee with a per - fect heart;
4. Happy through all life's dark - est days Are they who walk in Wisdom's ways;

Thy price hath nev - er yet been told In sil - ver or in glit - t'ring gold.
Are thy rich jew - els, pure and fair; No gems of earth with them com - pare.
All fruit of bless - ing thou dost bear, All pleasures and all treas - ures rare.
Hap - py when earth's last foe they meet, Hap - py when Heav'n's fair morn they greet.

CHORUS.

O priceless Wisdom, guide me all my way, Till the darkness endeth in the per-fect day;

O priceless Wisdom, guide me all my way, Till the darkness endeth in the perfect day.

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No. 141. ETERNITY IS DRAWING NIGH.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall - ing; Pray, brethren, pray, God's voice is call - ing; Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime, We kneel up-on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing nigh, E - ter - - n' - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh.

2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The fight is end - ing; Be - hold! the glo - ry draw - eth near, The King Him-self will soon ap - pear.

REFRAIN.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying;
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life and death.

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins all ready stand—
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

No. 142. LOST.

Mrs. P. P. Bilhorn. P. P. Bilhorn. By per.

1. Oh, ye who have heard the gos - pel, Give ear to His word to - day,
2. Oh, ye who would meet your loved ones, And dwell in the home on high,
3. Oh, ye who are lost in dark-ness, In Christ there is hope and cheer,
4. But bless - ed are we who trust Him, And un - to His word we cling,

And o - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Lest grieved ye should hear Him say,
Make haste to be - lieve in the Sav - iour, For soon ye may hear this cry,
But if ye neg - lect to re- ceive Him, For ev - er these words you 'll hear,
His grace shall for ev - er-more save us, And joy - ful this strain we 'll sing,

Chorus.

Lost! lost! lost! for ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly lost! Ye
4th. Saved! saved! saved! for ev - er, e - ter - nal - ly saved! We

cres. *ff*

would not be-lieve, nor Christ re - ceive, And now e - ter - nal - ly lost!
trust-ed, be-lieved, and Christ re-ceived, And now e - ter - nal - ly saved!

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No. 143. BLESSED REDEEMER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Re - deem - er, Gra-cious-ly hear us, Breath-ing de - vo - tion like in-cense to Thee, Ten-der-ly shield us, Lov-ing-ly cheer us, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, Thy chil-dren are we. While in Thy King-dom an-gels a - dore Thee, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing, Ev - er be - fore Thee, Grant our pe - ti - tion, hear! we im - plore Thee, Voic-es now sing-ing prais-es to Thee.

2. Tran-quil-ly fad - ing, Slow-ly de - clin - ing, Twi-light is pass-ing in beau-ty a - way, Now on Thy bos - om safe-ly re - clin - ing, Teach us our Fa - ther, oh teach us to pray. Bless-ed Re - deem - er, leave us, oh nev - er, Till Thou hast brought us O - ver the riv - er, Till we shall praise Thee sing-ing for ev - er, Je - sus our Sav-iour, Glo-ry to Thee.

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No. 144. I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

Words by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No
3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That
4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleans-ed be In Thy once o - pened Fount.
words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well:
each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven:
Sav - iour, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone:

CHORUS.

I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, The bur - den is too
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour,
I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them
My heart, my life, my all I bring, To Thee, my Sav - iour,

great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
all to Thee, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour all to Thee.
all for me, Who hast pro-cured them all for me.
and my King, To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

1. The bur - den is too great for me, too great, too great for me.
2. O suf-f'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee, O Sav - iour, all to Thee.
3. Who hast pro-cured them all for me. Procured them all for me.
4. To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King, My Sav - iour and my King.

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No. 145. THE CITY OF GOLD.

F. M. D

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a cit - y whose walls are of jas - per, And whose
2. Thro' this cit - y there flow - eth a riv - er, From the
3. There the King in His glo - ry and beau - ty, Is the

streets are in - laid with pure gold, Where the saints and the
foun - tain of life by the throne, On its banks the re-
light of this cit - y so fair, And His smile drives a-

blest of all a - ges, Are re - joic - ing 'mid pleas-ures un - told.
deemed ones shall gath - er, Bless - ed ones called by Je - sus His own.
way ev - 'ry sor - row, Ev - 'ry strife, ev - 'ry cum - ber - ing care.

CHORUS.

Will this cit - y be mine with its pleasures, Will its splendor e'er my eyes be-hold?

Yes, I know if my trust is in Je - sus, I shall dwell in this cit - y of gold.

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No. 146. O LOVE DIVINE.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. 'Tis sweet to dwell in love di - vine, To know that Christ the Lord is mine,
2. 'Tis sweet to know that day by day, My Sav- iour leads a - long the way,
3. O love di - vine, O Sav-iour near, How sweet to read my ti - tle clear,

Com- mun- ion with the ho - ly One, Is sure-ly heav'n on earth be - gun.
An ev - er watch-ful, ten -der guide, More true than all the world be - side.
To man- sions in the realm a - bove, Pre-pared by Him whose name is love.

CHORUS.

O love di - vine, O joy with - in, That tells me I am cleansed from sin.

O hal - le - lu - jah o - ver there, My name is on the page so fair.

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No. 147. SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

PRELUDE AND CHORUS. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Strew the way with palm leaves, To the ho - ly cit - y; Chil - dren in the tem - ple, Make the arch - es ring; Strew the way with palm leaves, Shout a - loud Ho- san - na, Bow the knee be - fore Him, Sa - lem's mighty King.

Fine. SOLO—*Pastorale.*

1. He whose smile re- flect - ing light, Turn'd to wine the wa - ter bright; He who on the storm - y deep Hush'd the roll - ing waves to sleep; Cleans'd the lep - er by a word, Heal'd the sick, the deaf re - stored; He who bless'd the loaves, and fed Hun - gry souls with liv - ing bread.

2. He who touch'd the sa - ble bier, Dried the child - less wid - ow's tear; He who then but gen - tly spoke, And her son to life a - woke; Why re - buke the joy - ous song, Burst - ing from a grate - ful throng? Cease to chide the gath-'ring crowd, Or the stones will cry a - loud.

D. C.

No. 148. SEND THE WORD.

A. R. Carey. D. B. Towner. By per.

1. Have the mil-lions been told of the ban-quet, That the King in his pal-ace has
2. Have they heard what the King waits to give them? Spread the news, lest the gifts they should
3. Have they heard of the life-bloom im mor-tal? Deathless pleasure for pain He will
4. Do they know how this bounty was purchased, How the blood of the Lamb bought it

spread, Bread of life, flow-ing draughts, that will ev-er Keep all want from the
spurn; Rich pos-ses-sions where naught can in-vade them, If they'll give but their
give, Strength to walk mid the bowers and the fountains, If they'll turn to the
all? Tell them now, for He longs to be-stow it On the souls that will

Chorus.

souls that are fed? Send the word, Send the word, It is
hearts in re-turn.
Heal-er and live.
fol-low His call.

Send the word..... Till the mil-lions have heard, It is

on-ly a lit-tle way to go, Bid them come,

on-ly a lit-tle way, a lit-tle way to go, Bid them come..... To the

Bid them come Just a-cross where the storms nev-er blow.
Just a-cross where the storms, where the storms nev-er blow.

King's pal-ace home, Just a-cross where the storms nev-er blow.

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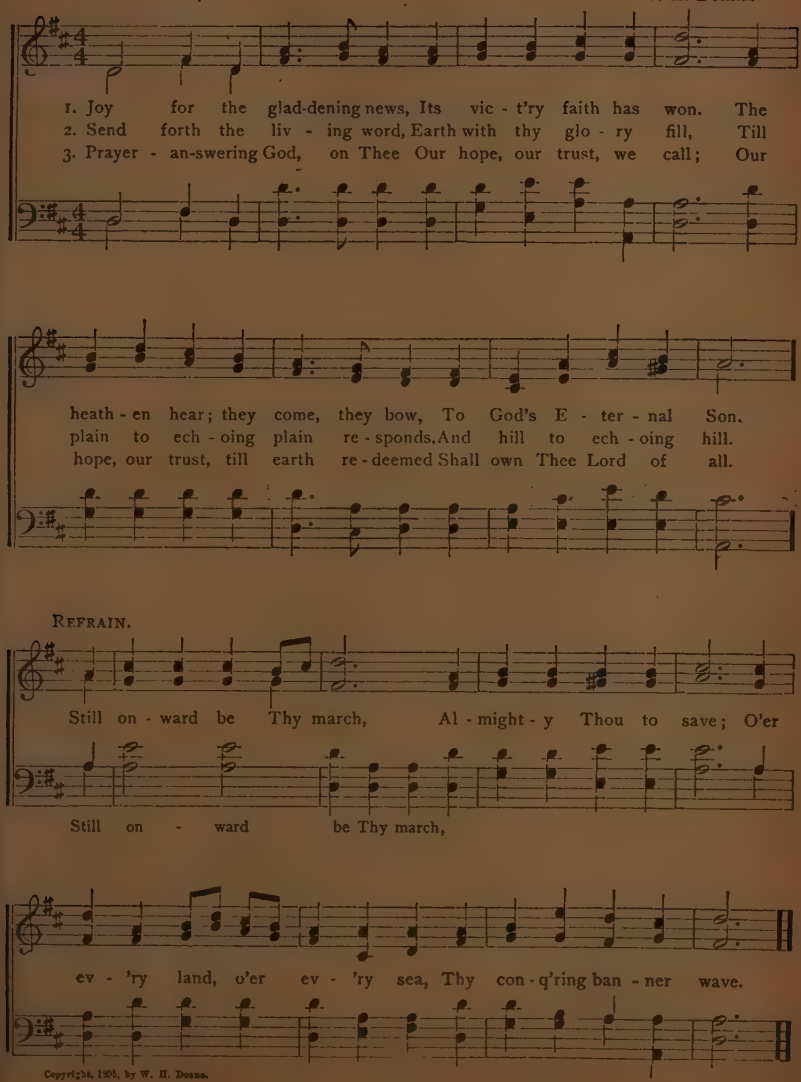
No. 149. STILL ONWARD BE THY MARCH.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D. W. H. Doane.



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No. 150. WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weep-ing, While the years are roll-ing on, Chris-tian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll-ing on. While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on. Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, O, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.

CHORUS.

2 There's no time to waste in sighing,
While the years are rolling on;
Time is flying, souls are dying,
While the years are rolling on.
Loving words a soul may win
From the wretched paths of sin;
We may bring the wand'rers in,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

3 Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on;
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on.
This is work for every hand,
Till, throughout creation's land,
Armies for the Lord shall stand,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

4 Friends we love are quickly flying,
While the years are rolling on;
No more parting, no more dying,
While the years are rolling on.
In the world beyond the tomb
Sorrow never more can come,
When we meet in that blest home,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

No. 151. GOING BACK TO JESUS.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way, On the moun-tain bleak and
2. I've heard my Fa - ther call: Wea - ry, wand'ring child, come
3. I'm starv - ing now for bread, When plen - ty is in
4. I am a way - ward child, But my Fa - ther loves me

CHORUS.—I'm go - ing back to Je - sus, Go - ing back to -

cold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
home! I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
store, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;
still, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day;

day, For Je - sus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;

I'm far a - way from home, From the ten - der Shep - herd's
I long to hear Him say, Wel - come, child, thou art my
He says if I re - turn, I'm His child for ev - er
And from this ver - y hour, By His grace I'll do His

My Fa - ther bids me come, Though a wan - d'rer far from

fold, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
own, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
more, I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.
will,— I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

home,— I'm go - ing back to Je - sus to - day.

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No. 152. IN THE SHADOW.

Mrs. A. M. Hicks, Altoona, Pa. Willis G. Abbott.

1. I am dwell-ing in the shad - ow Of the bless - ed blood-stained cross, Where the prec - ious foun - tain flow - ing Cleans - es me from sin and dross.
2. O how safe and free from dan - ger, Hid - den in the cleft I am,— And my soul sings glad ho - san - na, Prais - es to the ris - en Lamb.
3. At the feet of my Re - deem - er Ev - er - more would I a - bide: Naught can so my soul en - rapt - ure As the Cross where Je - sus died.
4. There is joy with - in the shad - ow;— Peace, which like a riv - er rolls; Love di - vine— O glo - rious full - ness!— Joy now o - ver - flows my soul.

Refrain.

In the shad - ow, In the shad - ow Of the bless - ed blood - stained cross, Where the prec - ious foun - tain flow - ing Cleans-es me from sin and dross.

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No. 153. ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. xi: 16.

Miss Phoebe Carey. Philip Phillips.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day, today, Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 154. COME TO JESUS, HE WILL SAVE YOU.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. A. Baldwin.

1. Wea-ry, sin - sick soul, if you want to rest, Come to Je-sus, He will save you;
2. If you want your heart made pure and clean, Come to Je-sus, He will save you;
3. When your friends on earth prove false to you, Come to Je-sus, He will save you;
4. If a dear one has gone up on high, Come to Je-sus, He will save you;
5. If you want to live with Him at last, Come to Je-sus, He will save you;

He will fold you to His lov - ing breast, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
He will plunge you in the liv - ing stream, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
He will prove a Friend for ev - er true, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
He can wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.
He will take you home when life is past, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Come to Je - sus, He will save you;

Wheth-er loss or gain, wheth-er joy or pain, Come to Je - sus, He will save you.

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No. 155.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Life is but a fleet - ing dream, On - ly strangers here we roam;
Life is but a change-ful scene, Yon - der is the Christian's home.
Just be-yond the roll - ing tide An - gels watch us on the shore,
Where the pearl - y wa - ters glide, And the wear - y thirst no more.

2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living-bread,
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.

3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.
There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.

4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the Light,
He will wipe our tears away.

No. 156. HERALDS OF A KING.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are her - alds of a King, And a joy - ful mes-sage bring, To the
2. We are her - alds of a King, And His prais-es we will sing, While we
3. We are her - alds of a King, And glad ti-dings from Him bring, To the

dy - ing and the lost here be-low; To the ma - ny haunts of sin, Where there's
bear His mes-sage on far and wide; Till the gospel's joy - ful sound, To the
mil-lions that by sin are opprest; He has paid their debt of sin, And He

souls for Christ to win, In the name of Him we serve, we will go.
earth's re-mot - est bound, Shall be heard and Christ our King glo - ri - fied.
bids them en - ter in, To the nev - er fail - ing joys of His rest.

CHORUS.

Her - alds of a King, We are heralds of a mighty King;
Her-alds of a mighty King, Of a mighty King;

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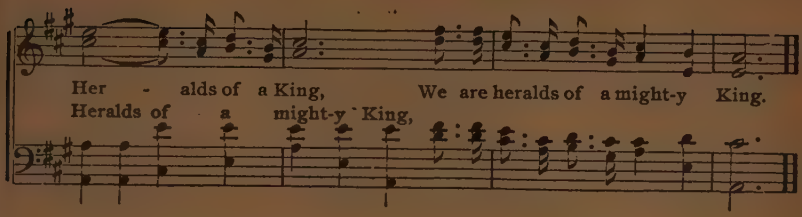
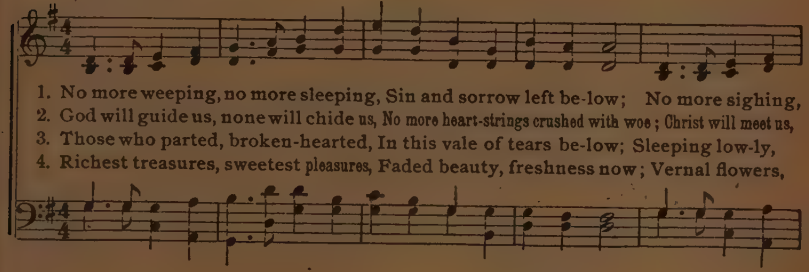
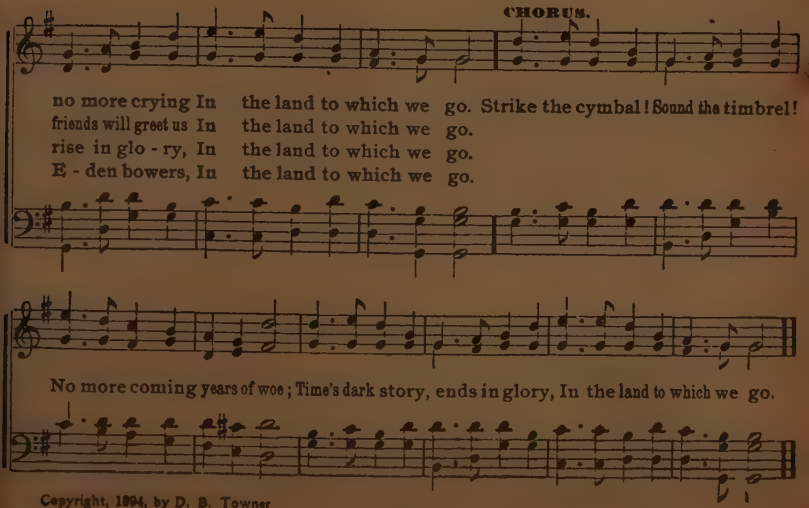


No. 157. THE BETTER LAND.

Z. L. Parker.
Arr. by E. P. Marvin.

D. B. Towner. By per.





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No. 158. STILL I AM SINGING.

"And he ministered with singing." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Still I am sing-ing, Je-sus, of Thee: Blessed Re-deem-er, so precious to me;
Toil-ing in weak-ness, try ing to bring Souls to Thy standard, Je-sus our King!

CHORUS.

Tell-ing Thy good-ness, sing-ing Thy love, Pleading Thy mer-it, and look-ing a-bove;
Thee will I hon-or, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten thou-sand, Chief of ten thousand, Ancient of days.

2 Still I am singing, Jesus, of Thee:
Simple the tones of the music may be;
Yet may the language comfort impart,
Lifting the spirit, cheering the heart.—*Cho.*

3 Still may our chorus joyfully be,
Blessed Redeemer, Hosanna to Thee:
Grant in Thy Kingdom all may unite,
Singing with rapture songs of delight.—*Cho.*

No. 159. TOSSING ON THE BILLOW.

"Both sure and steadfast." S. J. VAIL.

1. Toss-ing on the bil-low, Rocking in the blast, Faint-ing on the pil-low,
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble, Storm-clouds flying past, Cling-ing to the ca-ble,

TOSSING ON THE BILLOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Verg-ing to the last. While the tempest rag - es, To the Rock of A - ges,
I am anchored fast.

To the Rock of A-ges, I am cling-ing fast.

3 Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast;
Vanish earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast.
Cho.

4 Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast.
Cho.

No. 160. FROM STORM ENTER INTO REST.

"Enter in through the gates into the city." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { From this bleak hill of storms En - ter thy rest; } Where love for ev - er shines,
{ To yon bright sunny heights En - ter thy rest; }

RECITATIVE. *rit.*

En - ter in - to rest; En - ter in - to rest, The rest of God.

2 From hunger and from thirst,
Enter thy rest;
From toil and weariness,
Enter thy rest.
From shadows and from dreams,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

3 From vanity and lies,
Enter thy rest;
From mocking and from snares,
Enter thy rest.
From disappointed hopes,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 161. "FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY."

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

Cheerfully. *mf*

1. "From glo - ry un - to glo - ry," With - out a shade of care; Be - cause the Lord who loves us Will ev - 'ry bur - den bear; Be - cause we trust Him ful - ly And know that He will guide, And know that He will keep us At His be - lov - ed side.
2. "From glo - ry un - to glo - ry," Though trib - u - la - tion fall, It can - not touch our treas - ure When Christ is all in all! What - ev - er lies be - fore us, There can be naught to fear, For what are pain and sor - row When Je - sus Christ is near?
3. The things be - hind for - get - ting, We on - ly gaze be - fore, "From glo - ry un - to glo - ry, "That "shineth more and more;" Be - cause our Lord hath said it That such shall be our way, Oh! splen-dor of the prom - ise, "Un - to the per - fect day."

CHORUS.

f Spiritedly.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more with Je - sus! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!

mf *Repeat ff*

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No. 162.

GO AND TELL IT.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Go and tell to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, From the moun-tain,
2. Go in - to the High-ways and the Hedg - es, Seek the lost ones,
3. Hear the Mas - ter say - ing: "Go and tell it, Teach my Gos - pel,

val - ley, hill and plain, Je - sus Christ has purchased your re - demp-tion,
wea - ry and op-pressed; Tell them Je - sus ten - der - ly in- vites them,
bid them all come home;" Then when you have gath- ered up His jew- els,

CHORUS. Go and tell it,

Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er a - gain. Go and tell it, tell it,
"Come to me and I will give you rest."
Hear Him say - ing: "Faith -ful child, well done!"

Go . . and tell it,

1st time.

Go and tell it, tell it, Je - sus died for you and

2d time.

me; (for you and me,) Je - sus waits to set you free, (to set you free).

Copyright, 1894, by R. E. Hudson, Alliance, O.

No. 163. THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

SOLO OR DUET. SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO OR DUET. P. PHILLIPS.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed! Small may be thy spir - it - field,

f. SEMI-CHORUS.

But a good - ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kind - ly word and deed—Scat - ter, scat-ter
D. S. God will give thee all thy need—Scat - ter, scat-ter

Fine. FULL CHORUS. *D.S.*

good - ly seed! O - pen, then, thy gold - en store, Stretch the fur-rows more and more,
good - ly seed!

2 Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.

3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground:
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.

4 Springtime always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.

No. 164. Blessed Bible, how I love it.

Tune "CLOSE TO THEE."

1 Blessed Bible, how I love it,
How it doth my bosom cheer;
What on earth like this to covet,
O what stores of wealth are here.

Cho. This my guide, this my guide,
This my guide ever be:
All along my pilgrim journey,
This my guide shall ever be!

2 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.—*Cho.*

3 Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.—*Cho.*

Phebe Palmer.

No. 165. THE SONG WE LOVE TO HEAR.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. O sing once more the sweet old song, The strains to mem'ry dear; I heard them in my childhood
2. O sing once more of mercy free, Of pard'ning grace and love; The mu-sic helps us all the
3. Then sing once more the dear old songs To all in sorrow's hour; Their truth will melt the coldest

days, They al - ways brought me cheer. The song of Je - sus and His love, The
way, And bids us look a - bove. Then in a sweet un - end - ing strain, With
heart, And bless them by their power. The pow - er of a Sav-iour's love, In

old fa - mil - iar strain; It sweetly soothes and comforts me, O sing it once a - gain.
Christ the crowned King, We 'll still re-peat the sto-ry o'er We loved on earth to sing.
mightiest strains shall ring, And tell the sto-ry o'er a - gain, The songs we love to sing.

CHORUS.

The sweet old sto - ry of His love, 'T is to the heart most dear; How

Je - sus loved us, sing once more . . . The song we love to hear.

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No. 166. PRAISES TO OUR KING.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. P. Bilhorn. By per.

Joyful.

1. We are chil - dren of the King, And our love and trib - ute bring,
2. Je - sus is our Guard and Guide, In His love we will con-fide,
3. Je - sus is a faith - ful Friend, In His strength we may de- pend;

While His wor - thy praise we sing, And His grace pro - claim.
Keep - ing close to His dear side, That we may not stray.
He will keep us to the end, Trust - ing in His love.

He re - deemed us with His blood, Washed us in the cleans-ing flood,
We will watch and work and pray, In His foot-steps walk al - way,
If the cross we dai - ly bear, We at last a crown shall wear,

ff

Made us heirs and sons of God; Praise His ho - ly name!
Keep - ing in the nar - row way, Near His cross each day.
And His won - drous glo - ry share In our home a - bove.

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No. 167. THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*" Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

Not too fast.

1. O, we are vol - un - teers in the ar - my of the Lord, Forming in - to line at our Cap - tain's word; We are un - der marching or - ders to take the bat - tle - field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

Chorus.

Come, and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord, Je - sus is our Cap - tain, we ral - ly at His word; Sharp will be the con - flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Lead - er, we are sure to win.

2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.—*Cho.*

3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry side,—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.—*Cho.*

4 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.—*Cho.*

No. 168. THE LIGHT! JOHN MCPHAIL.

J. McP.

1. In the dark - ness of the night I was grop - ing for the light That my soul the lov - ing plan of God might see; But my
2. Now I know the rea - son why Je - sus came on earth to die And to free - ly shed His blood up - on the tree; For un -
3. Oh, my soul is all a - glow With a strong de - sire to know More and more a - bout the love of God to me; For the
4. In the arms of love I rest, And con - fid - ing, I am blest With the sense of gra - cious par - don full and free; And my

Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S. *He to*

dark - ness did re - main Till the Ho - ly Spir - it came And re - less the blood was shed, As the word of God hath said, Ev - 'ry more His lov - ing mind, In the book of life I find, On - ly path - way bright - er grows, As my mind the bet - ter knows What the

ran - som ev - 'ry one, Gave His well be - lov - ed Son, To re -

FINE. CHORUS.

vealed the prec - ious light to me. The light, prec-ious soul would die e - ter - nal - ly. makes me long like Christ to be. plan of God con-tains for me. The light, the prec-ious light, the prec - ious

deem and set the cap - tive free. D.S.

light, God's lov - ing plan I see; light, The precious light, God's loving plan I see, His plan I see, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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No. 169.

ONLY A SONG.

MISS ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, Sweet-ly and fer - vent - ly giv'n;
2. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter,—A heart, from its sor - row be - guiled,
3. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter,—And eyes, that were closing in death,
4. On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, The lips of the sing - er are dumb,—

And one, who in darkness had wandered, Returned to the Sav-iour and heav'n.
For - got, for a moment, its bur - den, Looked up thro' its weeping and smiled.
Shown bright with a heavenly glo - ry, Grew faint-er and faint-er each breath.
They're singing a song for the Mas-ter, Where sor-row and death can-not come.

CHORUS.

On - ly a song, on - ly a song, Tru - ly and ten-der - ly giv'n. . .

To those who are fainting and weary; 'Twill lead them to Je-sus and heav'n.

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No. 170. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. *"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."* S. J. Vail.

1. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - urrec-tion morn! From the deep-est caves of ocean, From the des-ert and the plain, From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev-er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

p Chorus. *cres.* *f*

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Felling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.—*Cho.*

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home. *Cho.*

No. 171. GO FORTH! GO FORTH!

L. E. JONES. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. The field is great, the grain is white, The day is fad - ing in - to night;
2. Go forth, and reap with willing hands, The gold-en grain a - waiting stands;
3. Go forth, the la - bor-ers are few, There's much for willing hands to do;

Go forth, go forth, nor i - dle be, The Lord of har-vest need - eth thee.
Go forth, go forth, and garner in The wand'ring ones from paths of sin.
Go forth, go forth, do not de - lay, The Mas-ter bids you haste a - way.

CHORUS.

Go forth, go forth, and reap to - day, The field is read - y, haste a - way;

Go forth, some precious soul to win, Go bid them quickly en - ter in.

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No. 172. "I AM LISTENING, LORD, FOR THEE."

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

Moderato.

mf

1. Mas - ter, speak! Thy ser-vant hear- eth, Wait - ing for Thy gra-cious word,
2. Mas - ter, speak! I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tear -ful - ly I plead;
3. Mas - ter, speak! I kneel be - fore Thee, List -'ning, long-ing, wait - ing still;
4. Mas - ter, speak! tho' least and low - est, Let me not un-heard de - part;

Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer-eth, Mas - ter! let it now be heard.
Sav - iour! Shepherd! Oh! without Thee Life would be a blank in - deed.
Oh! how long shall I im - plore Thee, This pe - ti - tion to ful - fil!
Mas - ter, speak! for Oh! Thou know-est All the yearn-ing of the heart.

CHORUS.

mf *p*

I am waiting, Lord, for Thee; List'ning, Lord, for Thee, list'ning, Lord, for Thee;

mf cres. *Ritard e dim.*

I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee; Mas-ter, speak, Oh! speak to me.

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No. 173. WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN?

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

FANNIE J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. What shall it prof-it me by-and-by, O, what shall it prof-it me then?

Whether my path-way on earth was bright, Whether it led me through dark or light,

Un-der a gray or a gold-en sky, When I look back on it by-and-by?

REFRAIN.

What shall it prof-it me then?..... What shall it prof-it me then?.....

What shall it prof-it me then? What shall it prof-it me then?

When I look back on it by-and-by, O, what shall it prof-it me then?

2 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Whether in weariness, toil and pain
I have been striving my home to gain—
Striving, not questioning how or why,
If I but rest with Him by-and-by?
Ref.—What shall it profit me then?
What shall it profit me then?
When I look back on it by-and-by,
What shall it profit me then?

3 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
If I have answered the heavenly call,
Trusted in God as my all in all,
I shall be welcomed to dwell on high—
Dwell with the ransom'd ones by-and-by.
Ref.—‖: Thus shall it profit me then. :‖
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

4 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Permit me this—That my gain and loss
Taught my weak spirit to bear the cross;
Bid me look upward to joys on high—
Heaven and happiness by-and-by.
Ref.—‖: Thus shall it profit me then. :‖
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

No. 174. CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

REV. S. S. CRYOR. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Sin-ner, choose to-day your Sav-ior, By whose blood your soul was bought,
2. Without Christ your life is wast-ed, All its rich - es are but dross,
3. Oh, far bet - ter you had nev - er Seen the light of earth-ly day,
4. Choose while others then are waiting, For the choice that you may make,

Time is fleet - ing, Hope is cheat - ing, Do not spend your life for naught.
If you still re - fuse His mer - cy, You must suf —fer endless loss.
Than to hear the Spir - it call - ing, While you turn unmoved a!- way.
And while souls are now de - bat - ing, Take the cross for Je - sus' sake.

CHORUS.

List-en to God's voice entreat - ing, "Hard-en not your heart to - day;"

Let not Sa - tan's arts de-ceiv - ing, Tempt you long - er to de - lay.

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No. 175. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I!

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;

And sorrows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!

CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I! O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet!
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Though blessings or sorrows prevail;
When climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

No. 176. A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHAS. J. HAYES. Arr. by P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Thro' the years of pride and promise, Thro' the years of pride and joy, Once a
2. Thro' this world of sin and sor-row, Onward sped her wand'ring boy, Not a
3. I am lost! he cried in an-guish, Wilt Thou pardon one like me? Then a
4. God for-bid that you, my brother, E'er should cause a moth-er grief, Come to

fond and lov-ing mother, Watched the foot-steps of her boy; And how oft in mid-night
tho't of her who loved him, Not a word to bring her joy; Downward, downward, hope fast
pray'r, O God, have mercy! May I hope thy face to see! Oh, what peace came to that
Him who will for-give you, Then you'll find a sweet relief; He can bear your ev'ry

watches, While in peaceful sleep he lay, Knelt and prayed that God the Father, Keep him
fail-ing, Mother's love is warm and true, In despair now helpless, hopeless, There's a
wand'rer, As he knelt with God a-lone, Knelt and thanked the heavenly Father, For the
bur-den, He who for your sin was slain, Come, just now, and God will bless you, Cause thy

CHORUS.

safe-ly, day by day.
wel-come still for you. Go and feel the pain and an-guish, Go and bear what
grace that doth a-tone.
moth-er no more pain.

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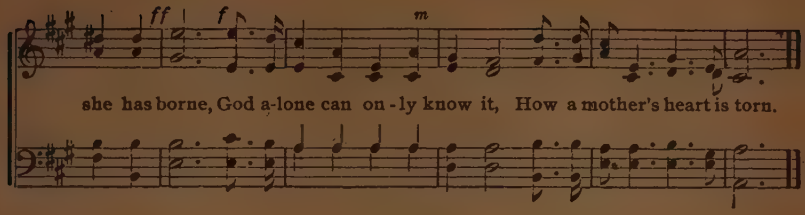
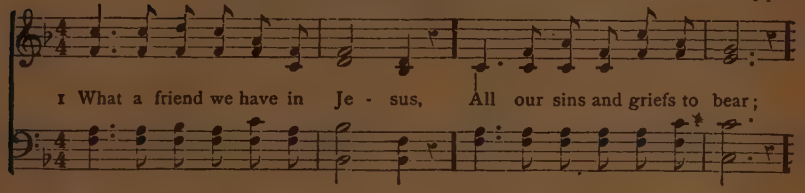
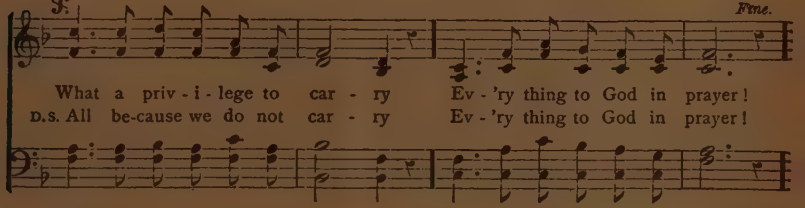
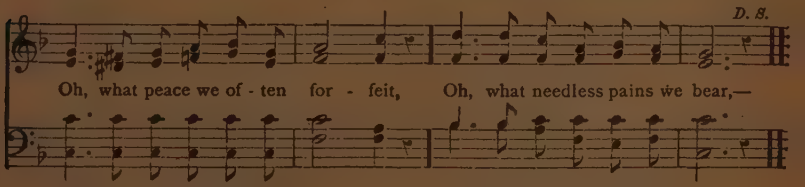


No. 177. TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." C. C. CONVERSE. By per.







2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

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No. 178.

JESUS IS CALLING.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice." GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to - day, calling to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Far-ther and far-ther a - way?

REFRAIN.

call - ing to - day, . . call - ing to - day. . .
Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to-day; Call - ing, calling to - day, to - day.

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to-day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 179. YOUR MISSION.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. VAIL and PHILLIPS.

1. If you can-not on the o-cean Sail a-mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the high-est billows, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sail-ors, Anchor'd yet with-in the bay, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away. As they launch their boats a-way, As they launch their boats away; You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away.

2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain, steep and high, You can stand with-in the val-ley, While the mul-ti-tudes go by; You can chant in hap-py measure, As they slow-ly pass a-long, Tho' they may for-get the sing-er, They will not for-get the song. They will not for-get the song, They will not for-get the song; Tho' they may forget the sing-er, They will not for-get the song.

REFRAIN.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot tow'rds the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
Ref.—Sitting at the Saviour's, etc.

4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
Ref.—You can cover, etc.

5 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
Ref.—Hides the heaviest, etc.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go, and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.
Ref.—You can find, etc.

No. 180. JOY TO THE WORLD.

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,
2. Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Joy to the earth the Sav - iour reigns;

D. C. *Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,*

FINE.

Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re - ceive her King.
Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Let men their songs em-ploy.

Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re - ceive her King.

SOLO. DUET.

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

INST.

CHORUS.

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the

D. C. al Fine. After last verse. ad lib. Rit.

nat - ure sing. . . . A - men, A - men, A-men, A - men.
sounding joy.

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No. 181.

JOYOUS PRAISES.

W. L. M. W. L. MASON.

1. Hark! 'tis Christ-mas Day, Haste with us a - way;
2. See the won - drous Star; Wise men from a - far,

Je - sus is born, Je - sus is born, Born on earth to reign.
Came from the East, Came from the East, Wor - ship - ing the King.

Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Join with the shepherds
In their hands they brought Gifts for Him they sought, Shall we not with them

REF.—*Raise a hap - py song, Sing it loud and long, Je - sus is King, He*
Raise a hap - py song, Sing it loud and long, Praise Him ye peo - ple,

FINE.

Worshiping on the plain. Come then all ye peo - ple ev - 'ry-
Grate - ful off-'rings bring? Come then chil - dren all from far and

ev - er - more shall reign.
Je - sus is our King.

D. S.

where, Lift your grate - ful hearts in praise and pray'r.
near, Je - sus Christ the Roy - al Babe is here.

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No. 182. CHRISTMAS.

BETHLEHEM. 8, 6. ENGLISH.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.

No. 183. JESUS, MY JOY.

Words by Mrs. J. F. Crewdson. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain,
2. I've found a branch for heal - ing Near ev - 'ry bit - ter spring,
3. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev - 'ry woe and wail,
4. I've found the Rock of A - ges When des - ert wells are dry;

A beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun-shine af - ter rain.
A whis-pered prom - ise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro - ken string.
A hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Es - chol fail.
And af - ter wea - ry sta - ges I've found an E - lim nigh.

Chorus.

'T is Je - sus, my por-tion for - ev - er, 'T is Je - sus, the First and the Last;
A help ver - y pres - ent in trou - ble, A shel-ter from ev - 'ry blast.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade;
A blessing in its fullness
When buds of promise fade.

6 O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light:
A glory and fruition,
So near yet out of sight.

Copyright, 1876, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 184. PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CALVARY.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. Bless - ed stream from Cal-v'ry's hill, Flow - ing free - ly, flow - ing still,
2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;
3. Though the whole wide world should come, At this foun - tain there is room;
4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem-ing love,

Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.
Sprink - ling now the mer - cy - seat, There I find com-mun - ion sweet.
Mil - lions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.
Still the blood my theme shall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

Chorus.

Pre - cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

This my all a - vail - ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.

Copyright, 1894, W. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 185. THE CHRISTMAS ARMY.

W. L. M. W. L. MASON.

March time.

1. Marching, marching, like a mighty arm - y, Come the boys and girls from far and near.
2. Wake then, wake then, soldiers, for the battle, Right o'er wrong must certainly prevail!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, see their banners waving, While the strains of music strike the ear.
True hearts, clean hands, purpose firm and fearless, Never faltering, nev-er saying "Fail."

Who would stand a - loof at such a moment? Who re-fuse to join this grand array?
"All the world for Christ" shall be our motto; Bloodless conquests thro' the Prince of Peace.

f FINE

With our Captain glorious, We shall be victorious; Come, then, fall in line without delay.
When the fight is end-ed, With our Lord ascended, We shall join in songs that never cease.

REFRAIN. Inst. Inst. D. S. al Fine.

Hear the call! Hear the call! How it echoes far a-way,

Copyright, 1893, by The Goodenough & Woglom Co.

No. 186. **HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.**

E. E. Hewitt. John vi. 37. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. Lis - ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of an - gel - song,
2 Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y - la - den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal - va - tion see,
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hungry, come and on His bounty feed,

Chim - ing soft - ly with a heav'nly ca - dence, Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fit - ness is the plea to bring Him, But thy pressing ut - most need.

Chorus.

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me.

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, I will in no wise cast out.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful,
Cometh for His healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to Him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

Copyright, 1898, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 187.

I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
4. Some-thing whis-pers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Sav - iour's call, Now to Him I yield my all,

Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus help Thou me.
I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
At His feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.

Can it be, oh, can it be, There is hope for one like me?

rit.

I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

HAPPY IN THEE.

SARAH E. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. My soul is re - joic - ing, and sweet is my song, While on - ward to Zi - on I
2. Thy presence is with me, Thy im - age I bear; Thy ban - ner is o'er me, Thy
3. I walk in Thy sun-shine, I rest in Thy smile, And vis - ions of glo - ry the
4. I know there 's a man-sion pre - par - ing a - bove, Where soon Thou wilt call me to

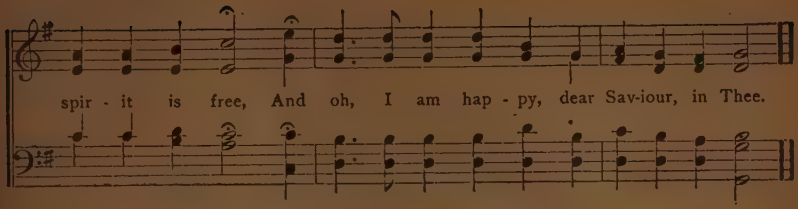
jour - ney a - long; No thorns in my path - way, no clouds can I see, For
gar-ment I wear; The world and its pleas - ures are noth - ing to me, For
moments be - guile; Thy peace like a riv - er is flow - ing for me, And
feast on Thy love; Yet here while I tar - ry con - tent will I be, For

CHORUS.

oh, I am hap - py, dear Sav-iour, in Thee. Hap - - py in Thee, . .
Hap-py in Thee, happy in Thee,

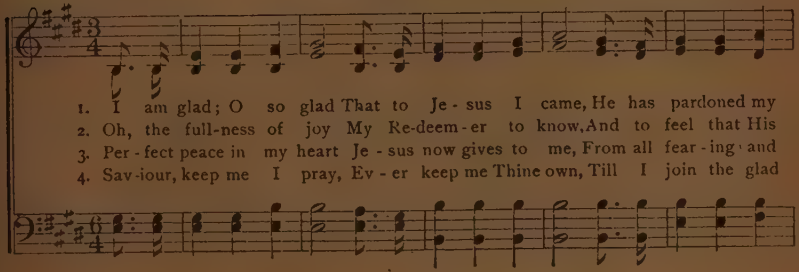
hap - - py in Thee, . . . My soul is re - joic - ing, my
Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, I'm hap - py in Thee,

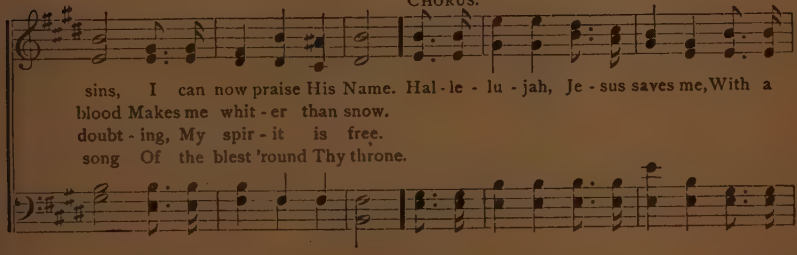
by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

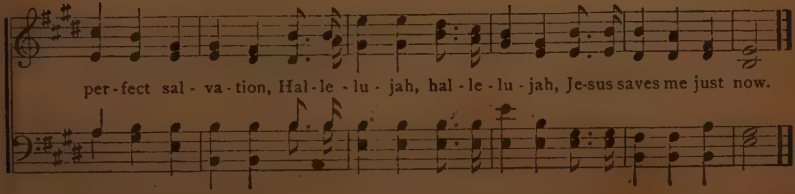


No. 189. HALLELUJAH.

WM. G. COLLINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.







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No. 190. AN OPEN BIBLE.

HENRY M. KING, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious mot - to be!
2. Wher - e'er it goes its gold - en light, Stream - ing as from an un-veiled sun,
3. It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra - diant with for-giv - ing love;
4. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro - cured for dy - ing men;
5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts: It com - forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un - furled Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of A-dam's race Pro-claims sweet mer - cy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son - ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' eter - nal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God! . . . . . send forth thy light . . . . . .
Blest word of God! . . . . . send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, ... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,

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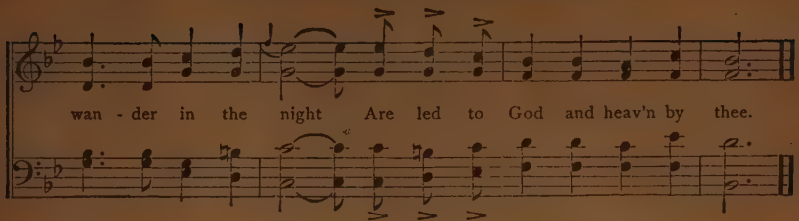
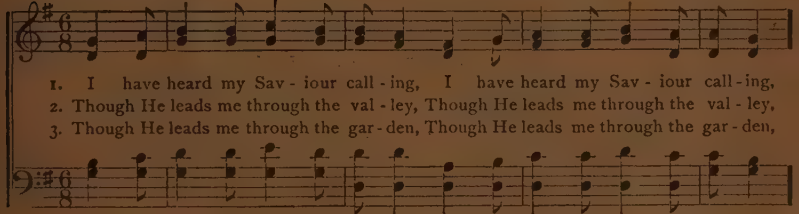
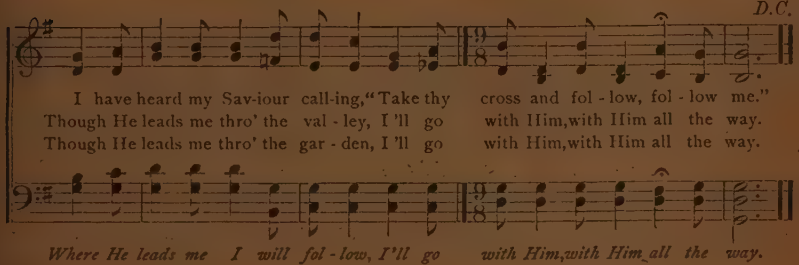


No. 191. FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

GEO. W. COLLINS. ARR. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.





4 ‖: Though the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I 'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Though He leads me in the conflict,:‖
I 'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: Though He leads through fiery trial,:‖
I 'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him,:‖
He 's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

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No. 192. PRAISE THE LORD, YE HEAVENS.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His power pro-claim;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
God has made His saints vic - to - rious: Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name!

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! His mighty power proclaim.

Copyright, 1886, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 193. RETREAT. L. M.

"Pray without ceasing." Dr. T. Hastings.

1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows; From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

No. 194. NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

Ray Palmer. *"Have faith in God."* Dr. T. Hastings.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

No. 195.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

1. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
2. There is joy a-mong the an - gels By the shin-ing, crys-tal riv - er, For a
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav - en High - er, pur - er than the angels'; 'T is the

yond the pear - ly gates the news has come Of a sin - ner now re-
wand'ring one is safe with - in the fold; For the Shep - herd sought and
Fa-ther's heart re - joic - ing in its love; 'T is the Sav - iour-Shep - herd

pent - ing, To the gos - pel - word con - sent - ing,—Of a
found him, And the arms of love are round him; Hear the
sing - ing O'er the lost one He is bring - ing, Bring - ing

CHORUS.

con - trite soul that seeks its bet - ter home.
mu - sic grand-ly ring from harps of gold. Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n,
to the ev - er - last - ing home a - bove.

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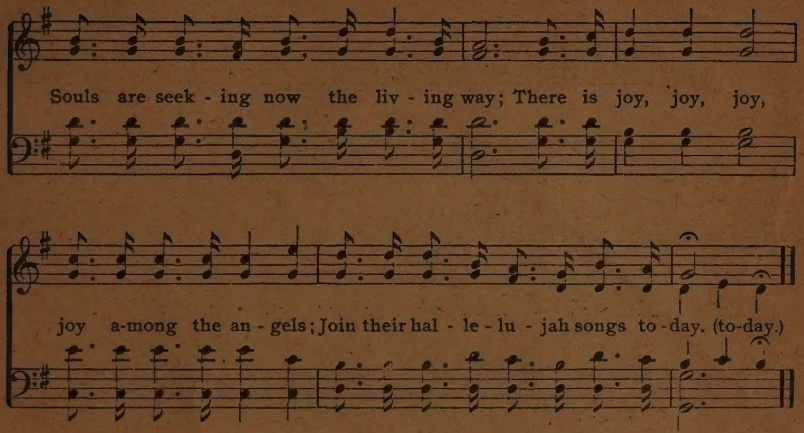
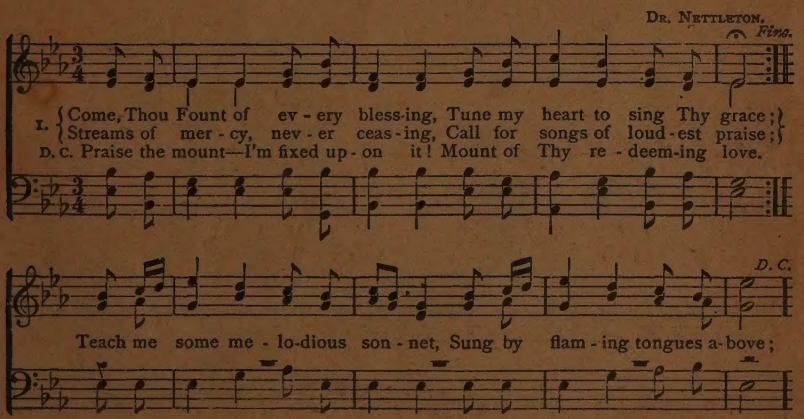


No. 196. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.



2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it.
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robinson.

No. 197. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST. 8s & 7s.

Ithamar Conkey. (1815—1867.) 1852.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sac - ri - ficed;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

No. 198. BLEST BE THE TIE.

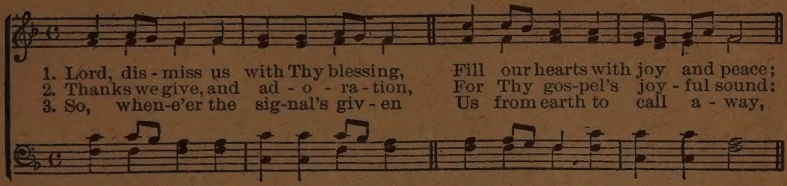
Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773—1836.) 1832.
Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual burdens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
5. This glorious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And

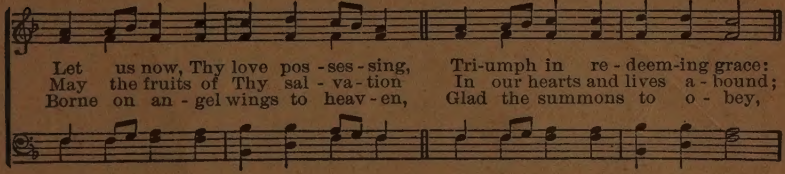
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 199. LORD, DISMISS US. 8s & 7s, 6 lines.

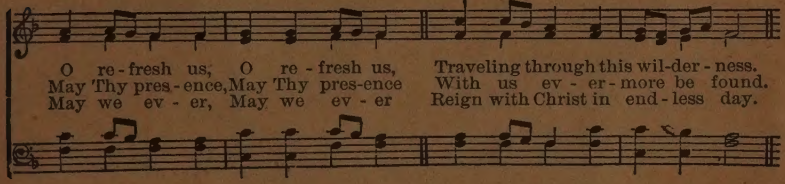
Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712—1778.) 1750.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound:
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,



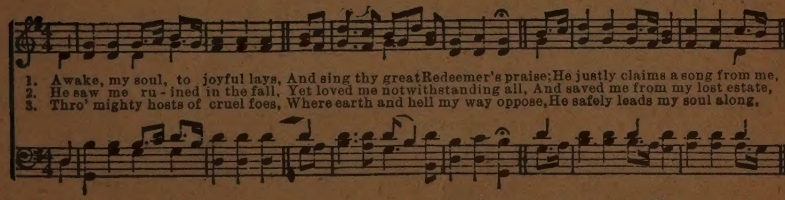
Let us now, Thy love pos - ses - sing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace:
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
Borne on an - gel wings to heav - en, Glad the summons to o - bey,



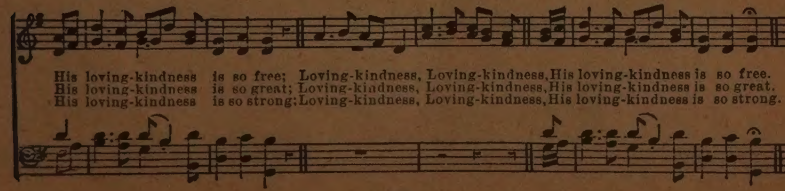
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der - ness.
May Thy pres - ence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.

No. 200. AWAKE, MY SOUL. L. M.

Christian Lyre. 1830.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all, And saved me from my lost estate,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along,



His loving-kindness is so free; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so free.
His loving-kindness is so great; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so great.
His loving-kindness is so strong; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so strong.

No. 201. AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas? And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die; They view the triumph from a-far, And seize it with their eye, And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine, The glo-ry shall be Thine.

No. 202. LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

1. Thou, whose al-mighty Word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray, And where the Gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy re-deeming wing Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in-ly blind, O, now to all mankind "Let there be light!"
3. Spir-it of truth and love, Life-giving, ho-ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight; Move o'er the water's face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place "Let there be light!"
4. Bless-ed and Ho-ly Three, Glo-ri-ous Trin-i-ty, Wisdom, Love, Might; Boundless as ocean's tide, Rolling in fullest pride, Through the world, far and wide, "Let there be light!"

T3-CBS-319